TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 43. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 7, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. Whole No. 1131.

THE FRONT PAGE

CANADIANS have more than a sentimental interest in the earthquakes which have shaken Mexico City and the surrounding country, and which from all accounts to hand have done immense damage in some of the Provinces. Within the past few years millions of good Canadian money have been invested within this earthquake belt. Many of these millions went into the plant of the Mexican Water and Power Company, located one hundred miles from Mexico City, which, it is said, fortunately escaped any great damage. However, the lesson is there for those who read.

Just why Canadians, who have a vast land as yet undeveloped, should find it necessary to go to Brazil and to Mexico to invest their money is hard to understand. Here we are accustomed to read the Englishman lessons on the necessity of investing his money in Canada. We point out to him the great opportunities, and moreover we tell him by word of mouth and by long letters in the English dailies how the investment of his pounds sterling in Canada make for loyalty and tend to cement the Empire together. Then we stick our own hard earned dollars into Mexican and Central American street railways, power plants and the like, backed as most of them are by one of Canada's great financial institutions. Aside entirely from the earthquake tendencies of this section of the world there is ever the fear of revolutions, prevalent the world over where negro or Indian blood lends a perceptible tinge to the skin of the average citizen.

At the moment Mexico is called a republic, but those who have taken any interest in the question ceased years ago to consider it anything but a dictatorship with Diaz, now an old man, at its head. The sway of Porfiro Diaz over his subjects is, according to recent writers, not unlike that of Tiberius Caesar. For slight offenses, or at least what would be considered slight in Canada, men are lined up before a city dead wall and shot. It is said that this Czar maintains a secret police service which would do credit to the Russian monarch, and woe betide the man who runs counter to the wishes of this uncrowned Mexican emperor. At San Juan de Ulma, Diaz maintains his private prison, where those who dare criticise or cross him are sent.

And now this modern Caesar who has ruled for a generation is a man just turning eighty. It is said that he will be succeeded by one Ramon Corral, vice-president, but in any event Diaz's years of activity are drawing to a close, even if he again elects himself "President" of Mexico. With an iron will, a strong hand and ruthless methods Diaz has kept his people in check. Will Corral or whoever succeeds Diaz do the same? This is a question for those Canadians who have placed their money in Mexicans to consider and weigh.

⁂

THE Musical Protective Association will not allow its members, composing a city band and performing in a public park, to play the accompaniment of a non-member, who happened on the occasion in question to be a lady soloist. On Tuesday evening last the City Band was scheduled to play at Queen's Park, and Mrs. Callan, a soprano soloist, who is naturally not a member of the Musical Protective Association, was scheduled to sing. When the time came for the appearance of the lady, Mr. T. Palmer, secretary of the Citizens' Band Association, announced that in order not to offend the fine susceptibilities of members of the Musical Protective Association, they had decided that the City Band was not to play Mrs. Callan's accompaniment. It appears that the City Band has on previous occasions accompanied this lady, whom they employed, but as members of the Union objected to the procedure, they had decided not to further offend, utilizing in place of band music the accompaniment of a baby organ. This reminds one of the trials and tribulations of poor, old Von Barwig in the "Music Master," who, it will be remembered, was not permitted to lead his orchestra because there were non-union bricks in the concert hall. As a specimen of unionism run mad, the Queen's Park incident is an excellent example. The citizens of Toronto are, it appears, running Von Barwig a close second, and we may yet hear that the Amalgamated Bricklayers' and Musicians' Union have decided to close up Massey Hall for all time to come.

⁂

THE Department of the Interior has prepared a report on Northland exploration which should receive a great deal of attention. This report, which by the way may be obtained free on application to the Superintendent Railway Lands Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, dealing as it does with a country north of existing surveys, is of paramount interest to every Canadian. The data compiled in the report was gathered last year, and covers that portion of Saskatchewan north of Prince Albert as far as the Churchill River, and extending from Montreal Lake and Lac la Ronge on the east to Green Lake and connecting waters as far north as Portage la Loche on the west.

Information about this portion of the Canadian West north of existing surveys has hitherto been difficult to obtain. The increasing pressure on the available surveyed lands in the Western Provinces has, however, created a demand for all possible information about the agricultural and other resources of the undeveloped north of Western Canada, and on account of the reported mineral discoveries at Lac la Ronge and in the country north of it the publication of this report at this time giving information as to the means of access, meets a public want. A number of excellent cuts of growing crops and natural features, from photographs taken by the explorer, are scattered through the report.

A map which covers the country explored and for a considerable distance north of it—about 350 miles in all north of Prince Albert—accompanies the report.

A prevalent impression that in this portion of Western Canada there is little land of agricultural value will be found on perusal of the report to be quite erroneous, and while the difficulty of access will retard settlement at present there is evidence that a large area is suitable for mixed farming as soon as made accessible by roads, and the area of available fertile land can be considerably more than doubled by a system of drainage which can be carried out at moderate cost.

The opinion of that authority, Prof. John Macoun, Naturalist of the Geological Survey, is given as follows:—"There can be no question about the value of the land north of Saskatchewan, and settlers going in there are assured of three essentials—wood, water and hay for cattle." . . . "The low altitude and the long day are fixed conditions and will always remain the same."

The information in the report is divided conveniently under the following headings:—Access, Soil, Topographical Features, Climate, Ranching, Hay, Animal Life, Fish, Timber, Minerals and Water Powers.

⁂

I NOTICE by the daily papers that the pirates who monopolize the anthracite coal trade of the continent have with their usual kindly forethought advanced the price another twenty-five cents a ton, making the present net price $6.75. It is a well known fact that the mines are largely overstocked; indeed, they are at present working on an average of not over four days a week throughout the entire anthracite region, but this will make no difference to the coal roads controlling, as they do, every cent's worth of output. A well thought out method is that perused by these gentlemen of the Jolly Roger brigade. In the spring, when no one requires coal for domestic purposes, the price reaches its minimum. Then as the season advances and people begin to think of scraping together sufficient money to put in the winter's supply, quotations are already on the up-grade, and when the final purchase is made the maximum price is paid. This is the method by which the largely over capitalized coal roads, such as the Reading and the Lehigh Valley, manage to pay dividends and boost their stocks. It's the old story, and the sucker public pays the bills.

⁂

FROM time to time we hear a good deal of suffragette nonsense from Christobel Pankhurst, who with her mother are arrested oftener than the average man changes his shirt; from Charlotte French Despard, who happens to be a sister of that gallant general, Sir John French, and who does not approve of the goings-on of the Pankhurst women, but there is one, Cicely Hamilton by name, who caps the climax. This woman has written a book. "Marriage as a Trade," it is called, in which she calls upon the world for spinsters and even more spinsters.

"Let every woman seek a trade," she says, "other than the doleful trade of marriage, for then only will she be in a good position to make good terms for herself, should she desire marriage after all."

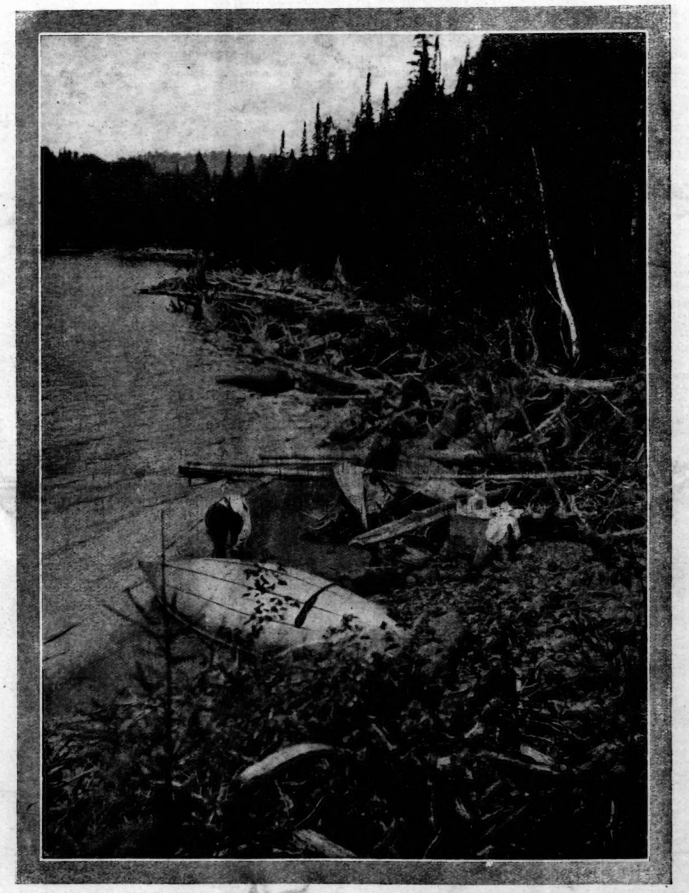
I cannot do better than quote further from this somewhat remarkable book: "The imperative necessity of earning her livelihood in the only road not barred to her has been a ceaseless and unrelenting factor in weeding out the artistic products of woman's nature. The deliberate stunting and repression of her intellectual faculties, the setting up for her admiration and imitation of the ideal of the 'silly angel,' have all contributed to make of her not only a domestic animal, more or less sleek and ornamental, but a Philistine as well.

"For generation after generation the lives of women of even the slightest intelligence and individuality must have been one long and constant struggle between the forces of nature endeavoring to induce in them that variety which is another word for progress and their own enforced strivings to approximate to a single montonous type—the type of the standard and ideal set up for them by man, which was the standard and ideal of his own comfort and enjoyment. However squarely uncompromising the characteristics of any given woman, the only vacant space for her occupation was round, and into the round hole she had to go. Were her soul the soul of a pirate, it had to be encased in a body which pursued the peaceful avocation of a cook.

"The various explanations which have been given for woman's existence can be narrowed down to two—her husband and her child. Male humanity has wobbled between two convictions—the one, that she exists for the entire benefit of contemporary mankind; the other, that she exists for the entire benefit of the next generation. The latter is at present the favorite. One consideration only male humanity has firmly refused to entertain—that she exists in any degree whatsoever for the benefit of herself.

"Woman is aye beguiled, and always it is man," is Miss Hamilton's conclusion: "His attitude towards us has been by turns—and sometimes all at once—adoring, contemptuous, sentimental, and savage; anything, in short, but open-minded and deductive. The Mahometan, after careful observation from his point of view, decided that she was flesh without a soul, and to be treated accordingly; the troubadour seems to have found in her a spiritual incentive to aspiration in deed and song. The early fathers of the Church, who were in the habit of giving troubled and nervous consideration to the subject, denounced her, at spasmodic intervals, as sin personified. The modern man . . . expects a being who combines the divergent qualities of an inspiration and a good general servant!"

What status of society Miss Hamilton draws upon for her conclusions I am not informed, but really, Cicely, it is bad, very bad indeed. Over here we are old-fashioned enough to think that the marriage state is a very comfortable one for all concerned. If you don't believe, Miss Hamilton, then ask the married women and the unmarried girls of marriageable age and the widows. But, seriously speaking, when one looks back upon the mighty work of the world that has been done by women, and mainly by married women; women who for the most part have raised children and presided over homes, one must conclude that either the fair authoress is ignorant of her own sex or else British society is deteriorating at a pace we little realize. Over here we are accustomed to give women the best we have. On this continent, at least, she is treated with a consideration never dreamed of in past ages. Women who stand at the head of affairs in philanthropic work have for the most part long forsaken single blessedness. In literature and art the married woman has made her way, and if perchance she has given up any of these for the little one at home, then it has been because the maternal instinct outvoted her genius, and the chances are that she is the happier and more contented for the change.



AND HE WAS A CLERK ONLY YESTERDAY

⁂

THIS has certainly been a year of centennial celebrations, and hardly a month has gone by without its great hundredth anniversary to honor. Just at present there is much interest being taken in the preparations for the combined Hudson and Fulton centennials. It will be three hundred years on the 2nd of September since Henry Hudson sailed into the present harbor of New York in the good ship "De Halve Maen"; and to fittingly commemorate the occasion there is a new "Half Moon" to sail up the same channel before a rejoicing nation. The channel is the same, and the ship is as much like the old one as it can be made. But how different will be every other circumstance. No more striking evidence could be imagined of the changes which have been brought by these three centuries, than the picture which this tiny craft will present, sailing between lines of warships and before one of the great cities of the earth, where three hundred years before its prototype glided in fear into the unknown wilderness.

Of course, as everyone knows, there is some dispute as to whether or not Henry Hudson "was the first that ever burst into that lonely sea"; and there is good reason to believe that he had heard of its existence before he ever saw it. Verrazano is said to have discovered it over eighty years before; and Esteban Gomez, too, is thought to have seen the beautiful bay and river long before Hudson. And even before their time it is quite possible that hardy Norsemen rowed their ancient galleys round the point of Sandy Hook. But while Hudson may not have been the first to enter the river that bears his name, he was at least the first to give a circumstantial report of his exploration, and thus make the river known to the world. His work, besides, bore immediate fruit in trading voyages, and five years later led to colonization and final permanent occupation of the river by a civilized people. The great English sailor—for he was English in spite of the frequent "Heinrich"—has thus every right to be regarded as the practical discoverer of the Hudson river; and the brave little craft in which he made his famous voyage may well be made the centre of interest in a great celebration.

There is a curious analogy to the case of Hudson in that of Robert Fulton, "the father of American steamboating," whose centenary is celebrated at the same time as that of Hudson. His claim to the invention of the steam boat has also been disputed, and with a certain measure of success. Fitch, Rumsey, Roosevelt, and Stevens certainly preceded him with their experiments But, like Hudson, he was the first to make the discovery known to the world. After the historic trip of the Clermont from New York to Albany, all the world awoke to the fact that another great advance had been gained in the efforts of mankind to conquer space and time. The Clermont, too, is to be there in duplicate and take part in the great parade; and these two ancient vessels may well be regarded as the most notable ships that ever sailed the Hudson, for each inaugurated an epoch, even though two centuries separated them. And if one might make a suggestion in connection with the forthcoming celebration, it would be that the occasion should not be allowed to pass without some permanent memorial to the daring sailor and explorer whose romantic career came to a tragic end in Hudson's Bay; and also to the American artist and inventor, whose devotion to an idea has borne such great fruit. And as a matter of fact, there is already some talk of a monument to Hudson on a bold headland at the junction of Spuyten Duyvil Creek and the river. But neither should Fulton be forgotten, on the river where he inaugurated a new era of navigation.

⁂

IT would seem that the campaign against the cigarette is going hand in hand with the prohibition laws against liquor. In Minnesota the cigarette is now an outlaw, for the legislature of that State has passed a law not only against the sale but also against the manufacture of cigarettes within the State lines. Such laws will unquestionably make it harder for the small boy to obtain the ready-made article, and just so far it will unquestionably be an excellent measure, but at the same time I am of the opinion that the home is the place to make such prohibitory laws, and not by acts of the legislature. A lot of poppy-cock is written from time to time regarding the "deadly" cigarette. A cigarette is deadly to a child, and so is tobacco in any other form, for that matter. The difficulty lies in the fact that these little paper cigars are cheap, handy and attractive to the youth. This is where the "deadly" cigarette gets in its work, but to the man of mature years I very much doubt if tobacco in the form of cigarettes has done any more harm, or even as much harm as cigars. A better oversight into the conduct of our children is what is required and not prohibitory laws enacted by legislatures. If we keep on manufacturing prohibitory laws on this continent, for which we at present appear to have a mania, we will very shortly make abject slaves of ourselves. The government of the home by the parents has worked out pretty well in the past, but very shortly such functions will at the present pace be passed over to the first police officer one meets.

Here in Toronto just now we are endeavoring to ascertain just what tobacco is. Inspector Archibald ventures the statement that tobacco is just tobacco. A certain Mr. Lee, who keeps a drug store and incidentally sells cigars, while admitting that cigars are tobacco, also maintains that tobacco is a drug, and being a drug can therefore be sold on Sundays the same as pain killer. During the tobacco controversy in court recently a gentleman of the medical profession was brought in for expert testimony, but, alas! he only mixed the case up the more by stating that tobacco was a poison. Asked if it was a drug the doctor dodged the question, but further maintained that it was a vegetable and a poison. How this

medical gentleman figures out that tobacco is a poison and not a drug is not quite clear to the laymen. However, some day we will take the case over to the Privy Council and get their judgment on the matter. You will then know whether you are breaking the laws or not. In the interval tobacco is a vegetable; tobacco is a poison; tobacco is not a drug, and I hereby add my own testimony that some tobacco is good to smoke.

***

EVEN the book publishers are not escaping the general tendency of the times. In England there is talk of a combine between authors and publishers whereby a dollar and a half, or the English equivalent, is to be charged for novels, no matter how long, or how short, or how bad, or how good. In other words, the ripe work of experience in the shape of a novel will bring in no more money per volume, than the slipshod writing of young ladies and gentlemen who can afford to pay the publishers all sorts of prices for the printing and distribution of their books; for, gentle reader, do not be under the impression that publishers are taking a chance on a goodly proportion of this literary output. On the contrary, the unknown writer with literary aspirations and no particular talent, must put up the cold cash if he desires to see his name on the title page. It's a matter of business with the publisher, and if people will insist upon seeing their "efforts" in cold type they must of necessity pay the penalty—otherwise the bill. Just how the public is to be induced to give up its good one-fifty for a poor book, or one not known to have some literary excellence, is hard to imagine, but in any event the general tendency of the times is toward cheaper everything, including novels; and it is, moreover, in the cheap editions of novels of the earlier period, particularly of the writers of the first half of the last century, that piled up the fortunes of the great publishers of the present and past generation.

***

AFTER a summer in England, Col. George T. Denison comes back to Toronto convinced that there is nothing ahead but war between Germany and Great Britain. I quote some of the Colonel's remarks from a Toronto daily:

"I am satisfied that war between Britain and Germany must come some day, because the two nations are rivals, jealous rivals in trade, and there will be a final struggle for the supremacy. It will be the story of Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage over again. Already in Great Britain there is a fear of the German. There is a feeling that Germany is preparing for an effort to get on top, and throughout the country there is a nervous feeling. I lunched with Rudyard Kipling one day, and he was quite pessimistic as to the way things were going It was shortly after that he published his poem, 'The City of Brass,' which is a strong indictment of a certain class of people. Among the people who look ahead there is a feeling of uneasiness. Of course there is also a mass of feeling that everything is all right, and always will be, but as Kipling says himself—

"'Men, not gods, devised it,
And men, not gods, must keep.'"

That the Colonel should predict war between England and Germany is not surprising to those who are familiar with his militant attitude, but, at the same time, his views represent a very widespread feeling in England at the moment. That business rivalry is the most deadly weapon with which to provoke war has been the history of the world since nations traded together and went down to the sea in ships, and that England is feeling the pressure commercially exerted by the German nation, there can be no question of doubt.

The growth of Germany's merchant marine in the last half century has been no less remarkable than the rise of the German military and naval power. Edwin Maxey, in the August Forum, writing upon this subject, says:

"But among the things made clear by the history of nations is that a first-class navy cannot be maintained for long without a strong merchant marine. Nor is it strange that such should be the case, for the taxpayers of a nation will not very long support the burden of a first-class navy unless they have a large merchant marine to be protected by it. Furthermore, an effective navy, and no navy is first-class if it is not effective, demands the existence of a large merchant fleet as a training school for its seamen. This has recently been well illustrated in the achievements of the Spanish and, more recently still, the Russian navy. Battleships and torpedo boats do not make a navy. Any wealthy nation can purchase them, but a national aptitude for the sea is not so easily purchased. Its acquisition usually results only from a faithful apprenticeship upon the carriers of commerce.

"Whether or not Bismarck may be called the Father of the modern German merchant marine, it is but fair to him to say that he clearly foresaw the necessity of it, if Germany were to maintain her position as a first-class nation; and that he recognized the duty of the nation to see that the development of those things necessary to its welfare be not left to dwindle because of a lack of co-operation. In defining the duty of the State toward this enterprise he said: 'The Empire cannot but extend its protection as far as it is able to those commercial enterprises in which German subjects acquire the possession of property.' Bismarck was a statesman, and it is the business of a statesman to grasp principles and discern tendencies. Having foreseen that commercial expansion was necessary to prevent national stagnation, and that one of the most effective means of promoting said expansion was the development of the German merchant marine, he did not let doctrinaire theories outweigh practical necessities in determining policies."

"The same idea which is here expressed by Bismarck and by which his policies were guided, has taken root in the national consciousness. It is thus expressed by their great economist Schmoller: 'We mean to extend our trade and industries far enough to enable us to live and sustain a growing population. We mean to defend our colonies, and if possible, to acquire somewhere agricultural colonies.' Though upon his colonial policy German opinion is divided, his proposition as to commercial expansion voices the conviction of practically the whole German nation. It is expressed less pointedly, though perhaps more clearly, by Professor Sering as follows: 'Here we are a people of nearly sixty millions, in a territory smaller than Texas, with a yearly increment of eight hundred thousand souls, with a gigantic export industry and foreign trade threatened in the highest degree by the policy of exclusion and annexation on which the world empires have embarked. The facts of population (or emigration) point in the same direction to the vital and primary importance of our seas and the instruments which make them of value to us.'"

Mr. Maxey then proceeds to detail the remarkable growth of the German merchant marine, and that in the face of every natural difficulty. He says: "The geographical location of Germany is not such as to give her an advantage in the competition for the carrying trade of

THE HALF MOON
Reproduction of Henry Hudson's Ship.

the world. On the contrary, she is very unfavorably located. Her ports upon the Baltic are cut off from the ocean by Denmark, which until the middle of the last century levied 'sound dues' upon all vessels entering and leaving the Baltic. Not only that, her ports upon this sea are frozen up during a considerable portion of the year. Her ports upon the North Sea are more favorably located in this respect. The communication between the two sets of ports has been greatly improved by the construction of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. Yet for all this, Germany is still less favorably located for communication with the markets of the world than any other first-class power except Russia and Austria (if either may still be called a first-class power).

"Nor does Germany possess any great natural harbors. In this respect also her national energies have been compelled to overcome the handicap placed upon her by the niggardliness of nature. Even after the expenditure of millions of dollars in dredging and millions more in other forms of engineering she has not now any preeminently good harbor. Yet the success which she has achieved in this line proves that the energies of a great nation, when wisely directed, will achieve a high degree of success, whatever the difficulties.

"In the matter of shipbuilding she was almost equally handicapped by nature, for her natural resources were very limited as to both wood and iron, the materials for construction; for though wood has now become an almost negligible factor in shipbuilding, iron, in some form, is indispensable. As Germany is not rich in either iron ore or coal, she is sorely handicapped in the production of iron and steel."

In overcoming these natural difficulties, Mr. Maxey explains, the Germans resorted to subventions. On all sides the German government expended the resources of the country in subsidies to steamship lines, and was particularly favorable to lines that tapped new fields of trade, leaving the old established ones to take care of themselves. At the same time the government made it a stipulation that German crews only were to be employed, that the ships be made in Germany and that German goods be taken at lower rates of freight than the goods of other nations.

The thorough going, plugging German is a rival worth the while in any field in which he may care to enter, and it is doubtful if there is another people on the face of the earth, who in the face of existing difficulties would have become a world power on the high seas. However, the German is a peace lover. He has seldom, if ever, gone far from the Fatherland on his conquests, and he will probably think twice before he attempts to cross the English channel.

THE COLONEL.

An Australian's Grouch.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—I have read columns of nonsense about Englishmen and why they are not liked by Canadians, in the Canadian papers, till at last I am getting thoroughly disgusted with the country and Canadians at large. Treat an Englishman as he should be treated and you will not find a harder and more honest workman; but try to bully him, and you will get hurt. But perhaps this is no place for honest men. My opinion of Englishmen in general is that they are the most honest and kindest hearted people on God's earth; and what is more, they don't care a rap for the opinion of the world, and less still for that opinion when it comes from people who claim to be descended from the English. I must say that strangers, and Canadians in particular, when visiting England, have no cause for grumbling on how they are treated by Englishmen. Here are some good points about Englishmen which it would pay Canadians to copy: Good manners, honesty, kindheartedness. The Englishman who denounces his country and his people is nothing more or less than a coward and traitor.

Yours truly,
IRISH AUSTRALIAN.

Parry Sound, Ont.

Pledge to Stay Away.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of July 17, under the heading "History Repeating Itself," there appeared a letter from Mr. Henry A. Ashmead, 16 Belmont street, Toronto, deploring the practice of putting on extremely dangerous acts at our various amusement resorts, and the apathy of the authorities with regard to the matter. Your correspondent does well to call attention to this question. I am surprised at the indifference to this disgrace manifested by those good people who are prominently identified with the various movements for the betterment of society. It must be that they neither appreciate the gravity of the evil nor apprehend clearly where the greatest blame lies.

It does not lie with the people who perform the acts. That is the way they earn their living, and when we maintain a system that makes it so hard to make a decent living at a useful, wholesome occupation we must expect people to engage in objectionable pursuits. It is not even the proprietors of the resorts or the newspapers that advertise the "thrillers" that are the most to blame. It is the public who pay the price. That means you, my good Christian (or non-Christian) reader, if you patronize places of amusement, where such acts form part of the programme. How many of you are willing to make a little self-sacrifice in this matter? How many of you will sign a pledge similar to the one below and publish it in the public press or mail it to the management of the Exhibition, Scarboro' Beach, Hanlan's Point, Barnum & Bailey's Show, etc., or both? It's up to you; what are you going to do about it?

Pledge.—I hereby pledge myself not to attend any place of amusement that has been in the habit of including in its programme acts involving great danger to the performers, until assured by the management that such acts have been eliminated for all time.

L. B. WALLING.

3 Metcalfe street, Toronto, August 3, 1909.

Fanatics of Toronto.

Editor Toronto Saturday Night:

Sir,—Your recent article on the Fanatics of Toronto has been appreciated by many readers. You guessed, perhaps, better than you knew when you referred to the reverend spies as being obliged to find iniquity or go back to work. As to T. Albert Moore demanding from a bank clerk a promise not to fish again on Sunday as the price of immunity from prosecution, it is a stupendous piece of impudence. Who made this man a ruler over us that he usurps to himself the functions of Governor-General to pardon, and Attorney-General to waive prosecution, and what kind of people are Canadians to stand such impertinence? This is the same T. Albert Moore of whom 'The Evening News quoted Dr. Smellie, M.P.P., as saying: "This man has acted throughout in a manner very ill-becoming to one of his cloth. He has apparently done his best to stir up trouble all the way through. He declined to let the local Lord's Day Alliance deal with it themselves. In great contrast to what is the duty of a clergyman, he has done his best to set these two rival cities (Port William and Port Arthur) by the ears."

Since the Government ceased paying the expenses of prosecutions, the Lord's Day Alliance have been very wary of spending money in law costs. They send out bluffs or persecute a petty huckster in the police court to stimulate collections, but the halcyon days are passed when the Reverend Dr. Shearer could draw $243 from the Provincial Treasury to pay the costs of a case he lost, or when the secretary and counsel could draw $2,400 for a trip to London to make an ignominious fight and lose it before the Privy Council. They made a bluff of prosecuting the Ferry Company for giving Sunday concerts—they ostentatiously took every man's name down and had all the evening papers herald in big type the wonderful things they were going to do. When they found no Government money forthcoming to carry on the fight, no more was heard of it. Bluff, sheer bluff. Last year the Lord's Day Alliance collected $14,000—most of it went to the reverend gentlemen who work for the organization.

There are some sixty Crown Attorneys and several thousand magistrates, constables, etc., in this province, sworn to administer the law justly and impartially. Their salaries do not depend on newspaper notoriety, or on appeals to the prejudices of certain sections. They do not require the assistance of clerical informers, who make an easy living out of the agitation and their interference should not be tolerated.

J. ENOCH THOMPSON,
Canadian Rational Sunday League.

August 3, 1909.

Fathers of Geniuses.

THAT the mothers of great men have, in nine cases out of ten, been great women is so well-worn a truth that most of us are tired of finding it underlined, writes Mr. Rowland Grey, in The Fortnightly Review. That the mothers of famous women have with strange frequency left them early orphans is less generally noticed. But the curious-minded in such matters may excusably feel some wonder why it has chanced that the fathers of so many celebrated authoresses have been such singularly selfish and trying persons.

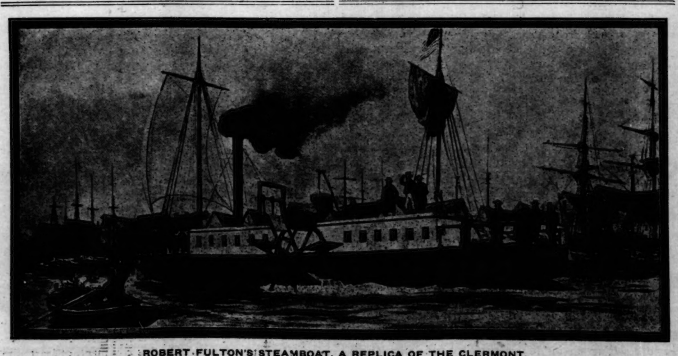
There is "that clever dog Burney," as Dr. Johnson called him; there is the "clarety-faced" Mr. Edgeworth, so exasperating to Byron; there is taciturn Mr. Ferrier, brought up after the fashion of Rousseau, and no very convincing example of its success. Then, too, there is the Rev. Patrick Bronte, with his comfortless habit of taking his meals by himself; Dr. Mitford, a "detestable humbug" even in the kindly eyes of gentle William Harness; and, finally, Mr. Moulton-Barrett, the anti-matrimonial, of whom too much has been said already, and who may, perhaps, be forgiven for indirectly supplying literature with one of the sweetest-scented manuscripts it holds—the love-letters of Robert Browning and "Aurora Leigh."

At first sight it may appear unjust to put the pleasant, successful, genial Doctor Burney in the same category as the eminently uninteresting Ferrier and the egotistical Bronte. But he possesses their common and very mischief-making quality—a lack of perception that the marked ability of their daughters entitled them to more freedom and less interference. That these were alike most devoted and submissive should by no means be forgotten when their praises are sounded, detractors being much too ready to deny the clever woman all but her cleverness.

That gentle, pleasant woman Maria Edgeworth, who spent most of her considerable earnings on her pretty step-sisters, never blamed her father for his treatment of her doleful young mother, and never thought of her work as otherwise than embellished by his "improvements." Her life was very happy and wholly unselfish, and his was wholly selfish and entirely happy. It sounds like a paradox, yet it is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

That Susan Ferrier was a unique woman one fact determines. She produced three novels, "Marriage," "Destiny," and "The Inheritance," was paid very highly for the last two, and stopped writing altogether, despite the petitions of her publishers, "because she had nothing more to say." Why did she so early arrive at a barrenness little indicated by the length and high spirits of her striking trio of clever books? Possibly because life with a not too grateful aged parent did not stimulate her imagination enough to let it triumph over painful physical infirmities.

Her father was thoroughly respected as a worthy and efficient Clerk of Sessions at Edinburgh, of so robust a constitution that he did not retire until he was eighty-four. Seized one day, at that advanced age, with an attack of giddiness, he fell against a lamp-post and cut himself. "What said old Rugged Tough? Why, that his fall against the post was the luckiest thing that could have befallen him, for the bleeding was exactly the remedy for this disorder."



ROBERT FULTON'S STEAMBOAT, A REPLICA OF THE CLERMONT.

STITT & COMPANY, Limited
Milliners, Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers.
ORIGINAL CREATIONS IN RECEPTION GOWNS AND LINEN SUITS, MUSLIN AND COTTON DRESSES FOR MORNING WEAR. TROUSSEAUX AND BRIDESMAIDS' DRESSES A SPECIALTY.
Paris Kid Glove Store
LA GREQUE, CORSETS, LA SPIRITE, LA ADRIA.
11-13 King Street East - - Toronto

ARTISTIC WALL PAPERS
Don't hesitate to come in and look at the pretty things in our New Wall Papers. Our stock offers the greatest variety of patterns and colorings for every purpose; no other is so broad in its scope nor so valuable to those who wish to keep in touch with all that is new and most interesting in Wall Papers.
Estimates furnished for painting and decorating in all its branches at short notice.
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The lagging summer appetite revives in the cool and pleasant surroundings of the St. Charles Grill.
Add to a thoroughly good menu, with many dishes specially selected for hot weather, dainty table appointments, prompt and courteous service—this is what the St. Charles offers you.
It's a pleasant place to eat in any kind of weather.
THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

BUILDING SALE

Business going on as usual. Bargains in High-grade Summer Footwear. You know the quality of our shoes—the best in the city. Come, see the bargains.
BLACHFORD'S
114 YONGE ST.
"The Store that Fits the Foot."

GOOD DIAMONDS
We are on the ground floor in the Diamond business.
We sell good Diamonds at a close price.
Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 Yonge St. - Toronto

MEILINK'S
Goes in the Wall

Takes up no Room
WALL SAFES
One of the newest and best conveniences of modern home-building. Should be one in each room. A Steel Walled Safe with all-brass combination lock; interior finished in aluminum bronze; door rim occupies only 6½ inches of wall space, as shown in cut; lock case and door hinge finished in nickel.
Builders, home-owners, see us about this.
—First Floor
RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited
Cor. King and Victoria Sts.

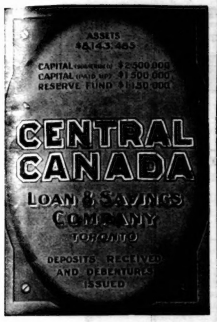
SELECTING INVESTMENTS

Every person with surplus money available for Investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.
TORONTO - CANADA



"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

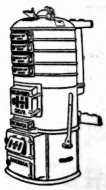
Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Head Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.
Toronto General Agents.



If you intend Building or Buying a House let us Assist you with the Benefit of the experience of those who Are living in Houses Heated by "Sovereign" Boilers.

"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILER

Made by the
TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED, GUELPH

All our Testimonials have come unsolicited and they will be helpful to you.

Toronto Office and Showrooms: 1088 King St. West.

Riggs and Briggs are two Montreal citizens, more or less interested in municipal affairs. They differ on several burning questions, but unite in a strong dislike for O'Flaherty (which is not the gentleman's name). The same O'Flaherty has a positive gift for manipulating votes and is capable of looking after a larger band of the "faithful" than any other Montreal politician. "It's men like O'Flaherty who give this city a bad name," said Riggs warmly. "He's got no principles at all. In fact, he doesn't think of anything but getting his man in." "That's so," responded Briggs. "If I had a conscience as elastic as O'Flaherty's I'd make it into a rubber trust."

Once, when Lionel Brough gave his humorous entertainment at a northern lunatic asylum, he spent the hour he had to wait for his train in playing one of the inmates, a harmless old gentleman, a game of billiards. Mr. Brough offered the patient 40 in 100, and was beaten easily. "If you go about giving odds like that," said the patient, "they'll put you in here with me."

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, AUG. 5.

CHARLES B. GORDON, that clean shaven, boyish looking chap over at the Dominion Textile Company's place, has been made president of the company, in place of David Yuile, recently deceased. It made a lot of those who used to work with him years ago, and who are still clustering around the foot of the ladder, fairly gasp when they heard of it, but it is doubtful if those who have been watching the development of the company's affairs the past few years were greatly surprised. Gordon's early friends and associates all allow he was clever. Some of them recall, with some importance, their prediction made to Jack or to Jim that "Charlie" would climb high, and the listener almost feels for the moment that "Charlie" is under no inconsiderable obligation to the friendly prophet, soothsayer, alchemist, or whatever he may be, for thus securing his safe and rapid ascent. Not a little interesting, is it, also, to observe the fairly general opinion of those still at the foot of the ladder that they, too, could have been at the top had they only wanted to, or had they only had the lucky chap's chances, or something like that. This ladder-climbing is dead easy work, evidently—especially for the fellows who don't do any of it. However, to return to Gordon.

* * *

Who They Are.

The youthful-looking president is not so youthful as he seems to be. Probably he is about forty-five, which would still leave him the boy among the millionaires and heavyweights and other austere personages who group around the table at a board meeting of the Textile Company. For instance, there is the Hon. Senator Forget, the vice-president; the Hon. Robert Mackay; H. Vincent Meredith, of the Bank of Montreal; H. S. Holt, president of the Royal Bank, etc.; Charles R. Hosmer, of a dozen things; David Morrice, G. A. Grier, J. P. Black, John Baillie and A. B. Mole. Quite a formidable string of them to keep in order, should an occasion for being obstreperous present itself. They have been living several years now with Gordon in the position of second vice-president and managing director, and the fact that, after having done so, they took the first opportunity of promoting him to the position of president, is the best evidence of his ability to hold his end up.

MR. C. B. GORDON, President and active head of the Dominion Textile Company.

* * *

Where Gordon Began.

Charles B. Gordon began his business career in the wholesale drygoods house of McIntyre, Son & Co., Limited, of which the recent head, Wm. C. McIntyre, was killed in an automobile accident a few weeks ago. After spending some time in the warehouse, he became traveller. A few years later he resigned from the firm to undertake the organization and management of the Standard Shirt Co. This was probably about twenty years ago. For a few years this company was spoken of as having an uphill fight. This must have been remedied in the course of a few years, however, for it is said that the company was very successful at the time it was merged with the J. P. Black Co., and other companies, into the Canadian Converters Co. J. P. Black was also interested in the Standard Shirt Co. from the time of its organization. C. B. Gordon continued to manage the company until circumstances began to bring about the organization of the Dominion Textile Co. Then began a new chapter in his life.

* * *

B. of M. Had a Hand.

It is not at all improbable that the Dominion Textile was a conception of the Bank of Montreal. That bank, at any rate, had become very deeply interested in the success of the cotton manufacturing business, which business, according to general belief, was in a very precarious position. Practically all the companies had passed their dividends, and the bank was doubtless not a little concerned in the sufficiency of the security for the million-odd dollars, or whatever it may have been, which it had advanced to aid the industry, more particularly the Dominion Cotton Co. In fact, it demanded additional security from the latter company, and as a result some of the large financial interests had to come forward and subscribe to some $2,000,000 bonds issued by the company. But whether the idea of consolidating the Dominion Cotton Co. with the three other companies brought into the merger originated with the Bank of Montreal, David Yuile, Senator Forget, or David Yuile's partner, D. Williamson, is hard to say. Apparently, also, C. B. Gordon and J. P. Black became associated with the venture in its earliest stages, but they were probably brought in by David Yuile to help work the scheme out, their knowledge of the cotton trade and the acumen they had shown in their own affairs being their recommendation.

* * *

The Stock Issues.

The Textile Co. received its charter early in 1905, and we find that at the present time its common stock amounts to $7,500,000, of which $5,000,000 has been issued, the preferred stock amounting to $2,500,000, of which $1,858,088 has been issued, there being also a considerable bonded indebtedness. Mr. Yuile was appointed president, C. B. Gordon second vice-president and managing director, J. P. Black was on the directorate, Senator Forget was vice-president. These and others doubtless made a very good thing out of the reorganization—as, indeed, why should they not, even the laborer, according to the good books, being worthy of his hire. However, there were those who objected to the procedure of the organizers. Some of these were shareholders in the Dominion Cotton Co. Being in the minority, and finding their protests futile, they took action before the courts to set aside the deal. When the judgment was rendered upon this action last February, it was found that the Judge entirely agreed with the position taken by the prosecutors. He set aside the deal and expressed his opinion of it in no uncertain terms. In fact, it is doubtful if minority stockholders of the present day were aware that they had any rights at all, so that the Judge's remarks make instructive as well as interesting reading. His decision, however, has in no way altered the management of the concern, the only changes made necessary being apparently those connected with accountancy. It is said that the case is being taken to the Privy Council. As managing director, C. B. Gordon has necessarily played a main part in organizing and directing the affairs of the company, and his success in this is illustrated by the fact that the common stock which was put out at $10 per share, is now selling at $75, while Gordon himself has been elected by one of the most influential boards of management in Canada to the head of one of the largest industrial concerns in the country. T. C. M.

* * *

Our "Jimmy" in London.

"Jimmy" Dunn, formerly of Canada, now of London, has, according to despatches, purchased the magnificent country home of Lord Charles Beresford, located, I believe, within a comparatively short distance from London. James H. Dunn, whom I presume will now shine in London society, was originally a New Brunswicker, who later on went to Montreal and launched into the stock brokerage business. Dunn was what the financial papers called pyrotechnic in his methods. On the least provocation he would hire a special train to or from New York. Indeed, his career throughout his Montreal experience was such as to make his brother brokers marvel. Next, "Jimmy" got in on the ground floor on Mexican and South American stocks, and finding the Canadian market somewhat limited, resolved to seek a fortune elsewhere. He therefore made London his home and the Hotel Cecil his abiding place. Here "Jimmy" cut what is familiarly called a "swath," and how well he has succeeded can be imagined from his recent land purchase. In any event, Mr. Dunn does not fear, apparently, the Lloyd-George budget, for he is willing to take on land where the Englishman wants to sell.

* * *

TORONTO, August 5.

IT seems to be generally expected that money rates will improve shortly, and operators in stocks are beginning to discuss what influence dearer money will have on the prices of securities. For over a year rates have ruled exceedingly low. A condition of such money ease has naturally exerted a decided effect on the price of securities. The great question now is how the prices of securities will be influenced when the period of low money ends. Two classes of securities will feel the effect most—the highest grade of first-class bonds and the cheap non-dividend paying stocks. Other securities, too, may feel the influence of higher money rates, but it is upon the two classes named that the effect is apt to be most pronounced. In proportion as the best grade of bonds have risen in price as a result of the long period of cheap money, they will be affected by its termination. Bonds of this class are affected by the money rate perhaps to a greater extent than any other class of security. Where the security is unquestioned, about the only thing that does determine the price of bonds of this sort is their yield relative to the interest which can be derived from loaning money out on time. Whenever banks, trust companies and other lending institutions find that they can get a bigger income by investing their money in bonds than by loaning it out in the regular channels, the bond market feels the effect of their purchases. The Canadian banks increased their investments over 3,500,000 in the months of May and June, the total on the 30th June being $86,580,000, but the July statement, which is not yet published, is not likely to show any increase, in consequence of advanced prices. A year ago these investments were only $72,266,000. The banks are now more likely sellers than buyers of bonds. Cheap money has perhaps a more decided effect on the poorer grade of stocks. The pools get to work when there is plenty of money and advance their prices. Discrimination in loans at such times is rather lax. But when money rises the banks are more dis-particular in their collateral, and request the taking out of their loans all the poorer grades of stocks. With the better dividend-paying securities the case is different even in a firmer money market. If the business situation is "right," stocks can be bulled in a dear money market, as has been often proved, especially in New York. The reason for this indifference of rising stock prices to rising money rates seems to be that those people carrying good dividend-paying securities on borrowed money can afford to pay 5 or 6 per cent. as well as 4 per cent. for funds, the interest charge being off-set by the large dividends received. Then again the very fact that money is in so much better demand may be taken to mean improvement in business conditions, thus becoming a bull rather than a bear argument.

* * *

Value of Our Crops.

The crop outlook is very bright indeed. The Dominion last year was credited with having produced in value over $430,000,000 of grain and field crops, and this year an estimate of $500,000,000 is not considered a very extravagant statement. In an early estimate based on acreage report of the Dominion Census and Statistics Bureau, the value of the grain crops in the three Western Provinces, was placed at $240,500,000, which compared with $209,070,000 in 1908, or an increase of about 15 per cent. This esti-

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 31st August, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st of September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 24th to 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the board,

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.
Hamilton, 19th July, 1909.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
An account may be opened by the deposit of $1. —on which interest will be allowed.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000
Every service which the reliable business man can expect from the modern banking institution can be sought with success and satisfaction at all Branches of the Northern Crown Bank. We have every facility for collecting, transmitting or investing your money to your advantage.
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS
Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Toronto Office 48 Yonge St

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - - $1,277,404.49

Get more good out of the medicine you take

You don't get all the good you should out of the medicine you take unless the drugs used are pure, fresh and of high quality.

You can be absolutely certain that any proprietary article you buy in my store is absolutely right—that any prescription you get filled here is exactly what your doctor orders.

I send for and deliver prescriptions any place in town.

Telephone Main 2991.

HENNESSEY'S, The Dependable Drug Store 107 Yonge Street

WE ALWAYS have approved bonds in the denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000. Why not become an investor? Write to

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High Grade Bonds. Montreal.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized	$10,000,000
Capital Paid-up	5,000,000
Reserve Fund	5,000,000

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued

Available in any part of the world.
Special Attention Given to Collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

G·H·MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by
His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

BREDIN'S
HOME-MADE
BREAD

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

The Home-Made taste is the distinctive quality in Bredin's Home-Made Loaf, but it's there, and never fails to remind one of the bread that "Aunt Mary" used to bake.

But Bredin's Home-Made Bread is made in the most up-to-date and modern of bakeshops, thereby saving "Aunt Mary" hours of toil—with the same result—a perfect bread.

5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bakeshops—160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas sts. Phone Parkdale 1585.

COSGRAVE'S HALF AND HALF

The voice of the people: "Just the finest and most delightfully satisfying beer I've ever tasted."

Order a Case To-day.
AT ALL DEALERS

When a woman admires an article in a shop, and then finds it is very costly, she regards that as proof that she has good taste.

mate was based on farm prices of 90c. for wheat, 33c. for oats and 40c. for barley. The wheat yield was placed at 135,000,000 bushels, but some excellent authorities put the probable yield at 125,000,000 bushels.

⁂

Came to Grief.

A belated pool in Manitoba oats is said to have come to grief. Some weeks ago, when the success of Patten in his wheat "corner" was fully assured, a Winnipeg pool was formed to corner the oat market there. Oats were in small compass, and the outlook for the growing crop was by no means as promising as it is to-day. The price was around 45c., but the buying had the effect of raising it to about 60c. It was astonishing how liberal the receipts became when the price went up. The money or the nerve of the crowd after a while began to give out, perhaps both, for after a few spasmodic jerks, prices began to crumble. Cash oats in the West declined to 40c. on Tuesday of this week, and a lot of money has been dropped. It is said that the average price paid by the cornerers was around 50c. The losses, perhaps, were not as bad as they might have been, yet they were enough in convincing the members of the pool that they were not all Pattens. Several Toronto grain men got into the game when the price had about reached its zenith, and they, of course, came to grief Those who had lost only 5c. to 10c. per bushel on moderate lots seem to be well satisfied with their experience. We believe not one of the tailers escaped.

⁂

Heavy Borrowings.

Upwards of $100,000,000 in currency has been received this year by New York banks from the interior. All but $25,000,000 of this has been shipped either to South America or Europe. On the other hand, American bankers have taken liberal advantage of the very low discount rates ruling in London and Paris. Their borrowing abroad by means of finance and stock bills is computed at fully $150,000,000. A change is now overcoming the situation. The West and South demands for currency are in order. The money market is also confronted with a continuation of gold exports to Argentine, arrangements having been made to ship quite a sum this month. If midsummer dullness on the Stock Exchange gives place to animated speculation, stock market borrowing will naturally increase. Bankers, however, state that they can easily place the bills abroad if rates in New York advance. The monetary outlook, therefore, is a little uncertain, although the after-panic rates that have prevailed so long cannot very well remain in force after industry enters an era of fullblooded prosperity.

⁂

Latin-Americans.

A Toronto brokerage house has a good word to say of the Latin-American issues. They have been attacked in what appears to us, say the firm's circular, to be an unfair manner by a prominent London newspaper, with the result that English stockholders who are not in the way of getting accurate information on the progress of these companies, have been sacrificing their stock. We think this a good time to acquire, they say, both these securities, Sao Paulo Tram and Rio Tram. It appears to be probable that the Rio Company will have some dividend announcement to make shortly; their earnings for June showed clearly the commencement of the benefits of the unification of the various concerns involved, and of the conversion of the five tram lines to electricity. The percentage of operating expenses to earnings was materially reduced, although the "irreducible minimum" is not nearly reached. The first mortgage bonds yielding as they do at around 91 approximately 6 per cent. on the investment allowing for redemption, offer a very safe security. Their position has been materially strengthened by the sale of over $10,000,000 worth of second mortgage bonds, and the recent sale of between $6,000,000 and $7,000,000 of common stock at par.

⁂

More Western Money.

The Canadian banks are drawing against their balances in New York, and the westward movement of currency has begun. It is thought that no material advance in money rates will take place on Wall Street, as the Western States banks are abundantly able to meet a large part of anticipated requirements. The condition of the U.S. National banks appears to be exceptionally strong. According to the last statement, the amount of loans issued by these institutions amounted to $5,036,000,000, the highest on record, and an increase of $420,000,000 over a year ago. It is also an increase of $613,000,000 over the minimum following the panic. The total of deposits was $4,898,000,000, or nearly double the amount of nine years ago.

GEORGE LYON.
Former golf champion, who played at Lambton this week.

FRITZ MARTIN,
Former golf champion, who played at Lambton this week.

Tragic End of a Flirt.

DETAILS of the lynching of a young and beautiful woman by a crowd of jealous members of her own sex are to hand from St. Petersburg. The affair took place last week in the village of Voleckhi, in the Russian Government of Volhynia. The victim had incurred the hatred of the other women in the village by her flirtations with the men of the neighborhood, both married and single, and feelings reached a climax when it became known that on her account one of the young men of the village had broken his promise to marry another girl. On coming out of the church the other day the women, both old and young, threw themselves upon the flirt, and in spite of her cries for mercy tore all her clothes off. They then dragged her through the village by the hair of her head, beating and stoning her mercilessly. At first the men laughed, but when they saw how savagely the girl was being maltreated they attempted to rescue her. The infuriated women, however, drove them off and then dragged their unhappy victim, who was by now a mass of wounds, to a large tree just outside the village, where they hanged her to one of the branches and then lighted a fire of brushwood under her. When the police arrived on the scene they found the victim of the women's fury lying dead under the tree, blackened to a cinder.

THOSE who believe that this world is rushing so fast would be surprised to learn from the records of the celebrated clipper sailing ships of New York and Boston and Baltimore that the steamships of the present are but a shade ahead of them in speed. It would not take long to count the express steamers that can make more than twenty knots an hour, while the majority of the best are unable to maintain more than eighteen—except on paper. Not a few clipper ships logged as high as sixteen and more. The log of the famous Dreadnought of New York showed this speed several times during her remarkable passage in 1865 from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, a distance of 2,760 miles, in nine days and seventeen hours. Eleven knots and a fraction was her average for each hour of the time. The Flying Dutchman, of New York, in 1852 and 1853 went to San Francisco, discharged, loaded, and rounded out the voyage, covering 27,220 miles, wharf to wharf, in six months and twenty-one days. She sailed from the Golden Gate to the Horn, 6,380 miles, in thirty-five days.

MR. GLADSTONE was a great sleeper at times, writes T. P. O'Connor. As I have often told my readers, he never dined in the House of Commons but three times in his Parliamentary life of more than sixty years. Up to dinner time he was the most extraordinarily alert human being you could imagine; he seemed to be all composed of electric dynamos, of nerves that were as taut and at the same time as responsive as the chords of a piano. But when he returned after dinner, he took things easily.

He lay back in his seat with his legs stretched out to their utmost length, and shut his eyes. But usually he was only half alseep; if you happened to mention him, or to quote him, the eyes opened, and, if he thought it worth while—and he usually did, for he was very easy to draw—you heard across the floor the reverberations of a deep resonant voice with a demand for the day, the date, and the page in Hansard of the quotation you were making. Now and then, when the strain on him had been great, Mr. Gladstone, however, did fall fast asleep.

He was then a curious and almost affrighting sight. Alert, vivacious, speaking to his next door neighbor, laughing heartily, almost poking him under the ribs, Mr. Gladstone, at an earlier hour of the evening, would have passed for a rollicking and roystering blade; when he went to sleep, he suddenly seemed to collapse into a very old man. He looked a poor, weak, old man—King Lear of the Parliament House.

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON is the hero of the hour, in geographical circles at least. The audiences which crowd the lecture halls to hear him tell the story of his Antarctic expedition prove that. But he himself contrasts the present crowds with his audiences two years ago, *before he became the fashion.* It was in Scotland, and he advertised a lecture to be given in Leith, telling of his personal experiences in the Antarctic Circle with Captain Scott and Captain Wilson.

He drove down from Edinburgh at the hour appointed, and found one half-drunken man, two old women, and a half-a-dozen boys assembled as "the audience." In despair, he went back to his cabman and asked whether he would not like to come in and hear the lecture. The man was grateful, but unappreciative, and declined, declaring he was quite comfortable where he was—i.e., inside his cab, while the horse dozed between the shafts. Eventually twenty people turned up, and the lecture was delivered. Shackleton had spent £7 on the hire of the hall and in advertising, and the receipts he calculated would be 20s. "No," said Mrs. Shackleton, "only a possible 18s, for I sent the cook and the housemaid to hear you, and that is 2s. off, as they had your cards, marked 'Free.'"

NATURAL LAXATIVE
Hunyadi János
MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
$11 FROM BUFFALO
TO
Atlantic City
Cape May
WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, OCEAN CITY ANGLESEA, HOLLY BEACH, or AVALON, N.J.
AND RETURN
August 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 9:00 a.m. with parlor cars, cafe car, and coaches, and 7:30 and 10:45 p.m. with sleeping cars and coaches, on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points. The 7:30 and 10:45 p.m. trains make direct connection in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge Route.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion or on return trip within limit if ticket is deposited with station ticket agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of B. P. Fraser, D.P.A., 307 Main St., Ellicott Square, Buffalo, or ticket agents Grand Trunk Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, or Niagara Navigation Company.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

The best food for growing children is
SHREDDED WHEAT
Contains all the material needed for building muscle, bone and brain—a food to study on, to play on, to grow on.

Try
Lea's
ENGLISH MUSTARD
For
Cold Meats, Salad Dressing and Lunches

The Lea Pickling and Preserving Co.,
SIMCOE, ONT.

THE Hudson Bay Company has long since learned the lesson that the success of an institution depends altogether on the calibre of its servants, the result is that they exercise the greatest caution in selecting their employes. When a Scotch laddie 16 or 18 years of age seeks employment with the Hudson Bay Company—or just "the Company," as every Canadian knows it—he is required to pass a rigid mental and physical examination and to convince the examining representative of the soundness of his moral fibre.

If he passes the examination, says Fur News, he is notified to hold himself in readiness to sail at a certain date for some post on the bay, but before entering the service he must sign a formal enlistment for the term of five years. He does not know it at the time, but that five years enlistment, with very few exceptions, means a whole lifetime.

Upon his arrival at York factory he is generally sent to pass the first five years of his apprenticeship in the extreme northern districts of the Mackenzie River and Athbasca that he may be entirely severed from all diversions of the outer world and may learn without distraction the practical working of the Indian trade.

During this period he is paid the sum of £20 a year, with rations. Quarters are furnished free of cost, and he has the privilege of purchasing clothing from the company's store at 10 per cent. above cost. As clothing is the only expense he can possibly incur, the bulk of his compensation remains in the hands of his employers, drawing compound interest.

For the first few years he is salesman at the company's trade rooms, but makes occasional trips to the Indian camps on trading expeditions with the chief trader. His next advance is to the accountant's office of the post, where he receives the official designation of clerk, and at this position he remains until, at least, fourteen years of service have elapsed, after which he is placed in one of the depots or district headquarters as chief clerk. By this time his salary has been increased to £100 yearly, and his ambition points only in the direction of further preferment in the same service.

"May I ask what is your occupation, sir?" said the old boarder to the latest arrival.

"My occupation?" replied the newcomer. "Oh, I'm a sculptor."

"You carve marble, do you?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I foresee you will be a valuable acquisition to this house. Will you kindly come up to this end of the table and carve this fowl.

For saving Time, Labour, and Money,

SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCES

Make Coffee equal to that prepared direct from Coffee Beans.

Two Telephones in Your Home

YES—It's worth considering.

Remember how difficult it was to decide where to place your first telephone?

Perhaps your experience of having just one telephone, whether located upstairs or downstairs, will convince you of the added

Convenience
An Extension Set Offers

Then no matter where the call finds you—your telephone is close at hand.

No more stair climbing with its labor and loss of time.

800 Operators at Your Service Day or Night

The Extra Cost is Small

Get an estimate from Contract Dept., Main 5460.

The Bell Telephone Co.
OF CANADA

A secret worth knowing.
IT IS so refreshing on a hot dusty day to use
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Toilet Soap.
It quickly removes dust and perspiration, and leaves a pleasant feeling of perfect cleanliness. Pure in quality—as your skin requires—and a protection against contagious diseases, being prepared with 10% pure Carbolic.
F. C. Calvert & Co., 320 Dundas Street West, London.

JAS. J. O'HEARN & SON
DECORATORS
249 Queen Street West

Let us give you an estimate on redecorating your home. This is our specialty.

Office Phone Main 2677
Residence Phone College 435,
8 D'Arcy St.

FEARMAN'S
HAMILTON
Star Brand
BACON
is the Best Bacon

LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, July 25.

If only all the people who rail against the weather in England, and the decadence of the English, could have been here this week, and especially on Monday, to see the magnificent fleet of warships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines, which stretch in a long and imposing line for fifty miles! As far up the river as Westminster bridge they begin to show the British public what it has to depend upon for the safety of the Empire, and on, and on and on down the Thames, till you come to Southend, and before you lies a street of ships, with great battleships for houses.

It is a wonderful, an awe-inspiring sight; a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Monday was the finest day of the whole summer, and it did its best to make up for what we have endured in the way of weather. The people who saw the ships then, saw them to the best advantage; in fact, the whole trip was a series of pictures of life on the Thames until one reached the grand climax and moved down one side of the double row of ships and up the other, with the white ensign dipping a salute to the steamers full of taxpayers who had come to see what they were getting for their money, so to speak.

There were Canadians on board who had never been on the Thames except in the Richmond and Henley neighborhood, and their joy at the sight of Billingsgate, of unsavoury memory; of Wapping Stairs; of Limehouse—pronounced "Lim'us"—and beloved of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, and of the great docks, was unfeigned. One passes Greenwich, of course, and Woolwich, and meets Russian, Norwegian, Belgian and Scottish boats coming and going to and from the Pool of London—you know the picture in the Tate Gallery, don't you?—and one wishes for several eyes and a memory of abnormal powers to observe and remember all that is to be seen. The boats are scattered in the upper part of the river, but even there there are enough to bring crowds to stare at them and admire. The submarines attract great attention. They are such queer little affairs to be so deadly. Some people have the most surprising ideas as to the powers of submarines. In fact, there is an unkind joke in circulation, evidently started by an enemy of the Government, to the effect that an M.P., supposed to be hand-in-glove with the Admiralty, coming out on the terrace, and finding the submarines, which were expected at the Houses of Parliament, were not there (they had been moved lower down stream) said innocently:

"As they are submarines, I suppose they have merely gone below the surface to have a look around!"

Going down the river there is a sudden stir of excitement, and someone says "There they are."

Far ahead of the steamboat is a forest of funnels and rigging, and as you get nearer you see the tremendous line of ships, guarded by destroyers and submarines; an array of stern gray ships which hold the peace of Europe and the fate of a great Empire under their control.

The Dreadnought naturally inspires the most admiration. A gentleman of Liberal tendencies was heard declaring that the fashions in warships changed so rapidly that if we did build the eight Dreadnoughts demanded they would be scrapped in a few years, but public opinion seemed to be against him, and even he became enthusiastic.

Among the ships are the Indomitable, which took the Prince of Wales to Quebec last year; the Blake, the Invincible, the Edward VII., the Prince of Wales, the Formidable, the Minotaur, the Lord Nelson, and the Temeraire, and a host of others. The two last names make one wonder what Nelson would think of the ships of our day, and what even Turner would feel if he could compare the present Temeraire with his picture of the "Fighting Temeraire towed to her last berth."

* * *

The Canadian Cabinet Ministers now in London, Mr. R. L. Borden, Colonel George T. Denison, and a host of other Canadians were invited to hear speeches by Mr. H. F. Wyatt, honorary secretary of the Imperial Maritime League, and by Mr. W. F. Lord, who wrote "Lost Possession of Empire" and other books of a similar character, when they spoke on the navy at the Lyceum Club, under the auspices of its colonial members. These gentlemen are most anxious that the people of the colonies should understand something of the seriousness of the present situation, and according to these experts, it is very serious. Of course, one cannot quite follow the people who talk of secreting provisions in case of a siege, but it is a pity that no medium between this attitude and sheer apathy can be arrived at.

* * *

Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, who is Lady President of the Home Committee of Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Service, and her sister, Lady Hermoine Blackwood, are daughters of a former much-beloved Governor-General of Canada, Lord Dufferin. They are both deeply interested in the great International Congress of Trained Nurses being held at Caxton Hall. Lady Hermoine, who is a Queen's Nurse, has organized an exhibition illustrating what can be done by district nursing, showing the district nurse working in an Irish cabin. A number of Canadians are attending this Congress. Amongst them are Miss Sniveley, lady superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital, and a good sketch of her career appears in the current number of the "British Journal of Nursing," of which Mrs. Bedford Fenwick is editor. Miss Louise Brent, of the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, is a delegate, and so are Miss A. J. Scott, of Grace Hospital, Toronto; Miss E. Baikie, president of the Canadian Nurses' Association, Montreal, and Miss Nora Tedford, of the Montreal General Hospital. Others attending, but not as delegates, are Miss Molony, Quebec; Miss Forbes, Montreal General Hospital; Miss Colley, Miss Hill, Miss McGregor, Miss Colquhoun, Miss DesBrisay, Miss Fisk, and Miss Young. With the King's permission, Miss Sniveley placed a wreath on the tomb of the late Queen, in the name of the National Association of Trained Nurses of Canada.

* * *

Here is a suggestion for the boating men, gleaned from observations at Henley: Ask her what color she intends to affect on the river, and then have socks and tie to match. If the ribbon on your "boater" matches so much the better.

M. E. MacL. M.

Chinese Newspapers.

One of the most striking evidences of the growth and development of China is the rapidly increasing power and influence of the Chinese press. It was a long while ago that the modern newspaper made its first appearance. It was in the days of the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) that the first newspaper was published in China. It was called the Kung Mun Chan, or The Imperial Court Gazette of Peking, and contained only imperial decrees, reports of high officials, and petitions and memorials presented to the throne. It was published daily, but numbered among its subscribers only officials and literati. Then came the Yuen Mun Chan, or The Provincial Yamen Gazette, containing the proceedings of that particular Yamen, the lists of names of officials visiting that Yamen, proclamations and, to a certain extent, local news. The subscribers to these official gazettes were likewise limited to officials and literati.

It was only since the nineteenth century and the intrusion of European learning that the number of newspapers multiplied, and now they exist in all the large cities of the Empire, in Peking itself and in Tientsin, Shanghai, Canton, and other places. Up to the present the development of newspapers has been most remarkable in Shanghai, for the simple reason that nowhere else is European influence stronger; and in Shanghai, with its flourishing foreign trade, its large foreign settlement, and its municipal administration controlled by European hands, Chinese and Western habits have been able in the course of years to be thoroughly interwoven, and institutions existing among Europeans could and must of necessity find a readier entrance among their Chinese business friends residing in the same city. Of these Shanghai newspapers some are official and conservative, others radical and boldly advocate reform, and the rights of the people.

The oldest of the Shanghai newspapers is Shen Pao, or the Shanghai Chronicle, founded forty years ago, and still keeping the leading position in spite of the establishment of so many other daily newspapers in the same city. It is principally devoted to commercial matters, read by merchants and tradespeople, and regarded as the best advertising medium. Moreover, on account of its conservative character, it is heartly supported by the Chinese officials, and the authorities of many inland towns subscribe to it. Shortly after the foundation of Shen Pao, another newspaper, Su Pao, or The Reform Chronicle, sprang into existence, but after some time was suppressed by the Government ostensibly on account of its revolutionary tendency. Other papers took its place, and at the present time progressive opinions are strongly represented among the Shanghai newspapers. Shih Pao, or The Eastern Times, and Chung Wai Jih Pao, or The Universal Gazette, address themselves chiefly to the educated progressive classes, and freely criticize the arbitrary actions of officials, which down to recent times have proved so oppressive to China. Their fearlessness in the detection of abuses, the lucidity and convincing nature of their utterances, their strong and illuminating language, the courage with which they uphold the rights of the people and the rights of the Chinese in face of the aggression of European Powers, have given these newspapers an unusually commanding position.

China is also developing weeklies and monthlies of a more or less literary character. The Chung Wai Jih Pao, or Universal Gazette, makes satire its most characteristic feature, while Sian Ling Pao, or Humorous Daily, is a comic paper.

RAMON CORRAL,
Vice-President of Mexico, who may succeed Diaz when that Dictator finally consents to relinquish office.

The change of air in a closed room due to the porosity of walls and the leakage of air around windows and doors has been investigated by Arthur D. Little, of Boston. This room, having a contents of 615 cubic feet, was in the second story of an ordinary frame dwelling house with clapboarded exterior walls. The interior walls and ceilings were plastered and papered, the single window was made as tight as possible by means of putty and the interior door was fitted with weather strips. Notwithstanding these conditions, which one might assume would very materially limit the rate of ventilation, it was found that through perfectly natural causes the air was changing at the rate of one and eight-tenths times per hour. This fact was shown by measurement of the rate of disappearance of carbonic acid.

A decision of the Court of Appeals of New York in a case which grew out of a dispute over the right to a car seat holds that placing a piece of baggage in a seat does not preempt the space. The court rules that passenger cars are to carry persons, not baggage, and that filling a seat with luggage confers no title to the seat on the owner of the grip. In other words, if a traveler wants to make sure of sitting in an ordinary day coach, he or she must take a seat and hang on to it.

Apollinaris
"The Queen of Table Waters"

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.
Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED
BELFAST, IRELAND,
REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.
Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers

To HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World

Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common power-loom goods.

IRISH LINEN Linen Sheeting, 2 yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 75c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.18 per doz. Linen Diaper, 22c. per yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $3.53 per half doz. (To measure 42c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $2.16 the half-doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame. —The Queen. Children's from 30c. per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 66c. to $5.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 96c. to $6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from $1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 66c.; Nightdresses, 84c.; Combinations, $1.08; India or Colonial Outfits, $52.68; Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegall Place, Belfast, Ireland

Note—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

Established 1791. "The test of time."

Horrockses'
Longcloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes
ARE THE VERY BEST
the "Old Country" can produce.

See the Stamp "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

OBTAINABLE from the leading stores in the Dominion

"HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER AND LONDON."

Invaluable for the SKIN in HOT or COLD climates. Removes all IRRITATION and TAN.

DELIGHT OF THE EAST
Larola

Gives a PERFECT COMPLEXION SOFT as VELVET.

LABATT'S ALE
is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.
FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

This trademark is your guarantee. Look for it carefully when buying gloves.

Perrin Gloves
Style—Fit—Durability
Best for all special and ordinary occasions—for outdoor or indoor wear.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The purchase of a good piano may be considered an exceptional investment, for it yields its annual return of musical enjoyment for a long period and at the end of that time, the capital thus invested is but little impaired.

Gourlay Pianos

not only yield the investor the greatest return in musical enjoyment, but their ever-increasing reputation is security against much impairment of capital.

Write for booklet.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
188 Yonge St., Toronto.

Twenty Years

of floor laying have qualified us to advise as experts in this branch of house furnishing. Write for our catalogue of floor designs.

ELLIOTT & SON
LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS
79 King St. W. - TORONTO

We Are Introducing
the latest PARIS and LONDON Hair creation, the
"Dorothy Vernon"
Braid with Puffs

An attractive and novel hair idea now worn by London and Parisian women of fashion. The above cut will give you an idea of its neat and artistic style.

Ask to have your hair dressed in this fashion. You cannot help but be pleased with the result.

Sole Canadian agents for Toilet Preparations of "The Institute de Beaute," Paris, France

These preparations are used in our Massage Department

Phone your appointments, Main 1551.

The Dorenwend Co'y of Toronto
Limited
(The House of Quality and Style)
103-105 Yonge Street

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily 25c	Week of Aug. 9	Evenings 25 & 50c

A Musical Offering
Gus Edwards' Blonde Typewriters
With PERCY CHAPMAN
In "A Picnic for One."

HAL GODFREY & CO.
Presenting "A Very Bad Boy."

NATIONAL QUARTETTE
Singing Comedians.

WORK & OWER
Acrobatic Jesters.

MILT. WOOD
The Dancer with the Chair.

GAVIN, PLATT & PEACHES,
In a Comedy Sketch.

THE KINETOGRAPH
New Pictures

Special Extra Attraction
The Peerless Mowatts
Last Word in Lightning Juggling

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

AT Delphi Inn-Fields, Georgian Bay, there are a number of Toronto families. Launch parties and dances contribute to the gayety of the place, and the season is now in full swing.

The engagement is announced of Clara Mabel, youngest daughter of Robert Irvine, Orangeville, to William E. Rogers, of the same place. The wedding will take place early in September.

Miss Maud Proctor has been engaged by the New York firm of Wagenhals and Kemper for the ingenue role in one of their "Paid in Full" companies.

The commodore and officers of the Canadian Canoe Association have sent out invitations for their "annual championship regatta," to be held on Saturday, August 7, at two o'clock, under the auspices of the Toronto Canoe Club.

Mr. H. C. Newall is a guest at the Royal Muskoka.

The Long Branch cottagers' hop was a most successful affair. The pavilion was gaily decorated, good music and a well arranged programme was enjoyed to the last number, and some of those dancing were: Mrs. Moor, Mrs. Bilton, Miss Flora MacDonald, Miss Hamilton, Miss E. Clarkson, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Daisy Perry, Miss Cassidy, Miss Robinson, Miss Irene Dorenwend, Misses Beuley, Miss Nellie Urquhart, Miss Gertrude Duffet, Miss J. Martin, Miss Wallace, Miss A. Daniels, Miss Jackson, Mr. Wallace Waldron, Mr. Dorenwend, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Wilker, Mr. Challen, Mr. Spanner, Mr. Fountain, Mr. Flannigan, Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Walter Bailey, Mr. Urquhart, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Duffet, Mr. Ernest Bonnick, Mr. Moor, Mr. Robert Brown, Mr. Douglas Scott, Mr. John Cassidy, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Lammerty, Mr. Harold Butt, Mr. Glass and Mr. Roy McGiffen.

Lieut. Col. J. C. McDougall, R.C.R., now in command of Wolsley Barracks, London, will be transferred on September 1st to Halifax as chief staff officer of the Maritime Provinces. The command is the most important in Canada of its kind. Col. McDougall has for the past year been on special duty at militia headquarters, Ottawa, and lately has been in charge of Provincial Schools of Instruction in British Columbia.

The Prince s Patricia of Connaught.

The Muskoka Lakes Association Regatta was held at Port Sandfield on Wednesday. Fine weather and a large attendance, with an interesting programme made the day a very jolly one.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan have gone on a fishing excursion to Northern Ontario.

Senator and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox have returned from a trip abroad.

Principal Hagarty, of Harbord Collegiate, with his family, is at Deer Lake. Among others on the same water are Robert Jankin and family, J. F. Weston and family, and Dr. Curry.

Miss May Sutton, the tennis champion, is arranging a match with Mrs. Hannam, which is to come off during the International Tennis Tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake during the middle of August. Mrs. Hannam and Miss Summerhayes defeated Miss Lois Moyes and Miss Fairbairn last week.

After all the discussions, talk, and public denials, Madame Nordica has married Mr. George W. Young, the banker of New York, who was mentioned in the first despatches as being the man of her choice. The marriage took place in King's Weigh House Church in Grosvenor Square, at half-past two o'clock, on July 29, in the presence of a few friends, most of whom are well known in American and English society. Madame Nordica wore a gown of pale gray satin, the corsage being covered with rare old Venetian lace. She wore no hat nor veil, but instead a chaplet of laurel leaves, and her only ornament was a string of pearls, a gift from the bridegroom. James R. Carler, the secretary of the United States Embassy in London, gave away the bride, and Frederick Townsend Martin, of New York, was best man. The service was that of the Church of England, and the Lohengrin wedding march was played when the bridal couple entered the church.

Mr. Roy Henderson, son of Mr. G. E. Henderson, was the victim of a painful accident, at Huntsville, a few days ago. He was cranking the engine in his father's boat, when a "back kick" broke his right arm.

The passing of a notable figure in the Presbyterian church and the University of Toronto, was the death on Wednesday of Rev. William MacLaren, ex-President of Knox College, at his home, 57 St. George street, at the age of 81. Born in Torbalton, Ont., and educated at the Ottawa Grammar School, the Toronto Academy and Knox College, he was ordained as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Amherstburg in 1853, and afterwards filled successively the pulpits of Knox church, Boston; Belleville church, Knox church, Ottawa; and was appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in Canada to the Chair of Sytematic Theology, Knox College. Queen's University recognized his scholarship by conferring upon him the degree of D.D. in 1883. For sixteen years Dr. MacLaren was convenor of the foreign missionary committee of the Presbyterian church, and in 1884 was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly of Canada. Upon the death of Dr. Caven, principal of Knox College, in 1904, Dr. MacLaren was appointed to the University Senate, and in 1907 the University of Toronto conferred upon him the degree of L.L.D.

The Fourth Annual Golf Tournament of the Lambton Golf Country Club, open to all amateurs, opened on July 30, and since then the Lambton Golf Club has been the rendezvous of golf enthusiasts and their friends. The balconies of the club house are filled every day with pretty women in summery frocks, chatting and having tea, while the play goes tensely on. Although it has been a trifle warm, still it is good golf weather, and the field of entrants is larger, and there have been more matches than ever before. From early morning until it is too dark to see the balls, the greens are filled with the ladies and gentlemen competing in the different events, and the number of husbands and wives who are ardent players is most surprising, and must conduce to congenial family talk.

Sir Percy Girouard has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the East Africa Protectorate.

On Wednesday last W. E. McLennan, Stratford; A. Hamilton, Stratford; and F. E. Havill, Acton, arrived, stayed a few days and went on their way northward. Fred. MacDonald, Toronto; Miss C. Phelps, Buffalo; C. Veronica Phelps, Buffalo; Miss Rutherford, Toronto; Mr. Anderson, Midland. On Friday, July 23, the tooting of the steamer John Lee at the hotel dock aroused the guests from their slumbers, who beheld the Iron City Fishing Club, Pittsburgh, Pa., fifty strong, sauntering up the wharf on their way to breakfast. This is the annual tour of this club and its members are prominent Pittsburghers. On August 3rd another group, one hundred and twenty-five strong, will arrive, take breakfast at the hotel and proceed on their way to their fishing camps to join the advance guard. Other arrivals, G. D. Cooper, Chicago; E. M. Morris, Brown's Museum; W. E. J. Dixon, Toronto; A. E. Standen and wife, Chicago, who was school teacher up in these parts thirty years ago. He was much surprised at the wonderful changes. H. W. Copp, Toronto. J. M. Watt, Midland, is a regular week ender. Mr. and Mrs. J. Gross, Cleveland; Mrs. and Mr. F. C. Fletcher, Cleveland; S. Nordheimer, Toronto; M. B. Nahm, wife and daughter, Bowling Green, Ky.; J. A. Coulter and Mrs. Coulter, Ingersol, Ont.; Dr. Ramage, Newark, N.J.; R. R. Gooderich, New York; Carroll Wright, Mrs. C. Wright and son, Carich, Des Moines, Io.; A. S. Osborne, Rochester; John Tyrrell, Milwaukee; W. Harvey, Toronto; P. Coghlan, Detroit; C. E. Robertson, Minicog; W. S. James, New York; E. C. M. Richards, New York; L. B. Richards, Binghampton, N.J.; Mr. I. D. Adams, of Des Moines, Io. (king fisherman), he goes out to the rocks every other day and never fails to land a big catch: he is after the big fellows now and does not bother with the smaller fry. Mr. Walter Barr, of Toronto, is an enthusiastic bowler, and he has spread the bowling fever around, and now every day on the green the excitement is intense. Mr. Arthur Hoskins, of St. Louis, and Mr Osborne, Lecrosse, Wis., spent several days on the wild trout streams, but failed to land anything startling, although their stories were immense. The regatta, which will be held shortly, is causing a great deal of excitement and talk. The guests are getting ready for the event, and some of them have taken to vigorous training, in expectations of getting their names in the list of successful prize winners. There will be a costumed dance after the regatta.

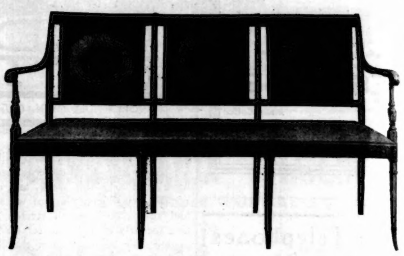
Sir Charles Rivers Wilson and Lady Wilson, with a party of distinguished people, were in town for a short time on Wednesday, en route for the West. Sir Charles is travelling on a special train, consisting of six private coaches, and is on a tour of inspection, which will in all probability take six weeks to accomplish. With Lady Wilson was Miss Evelyn Hutton, of London, England, and Mr. Charles M. Hays was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Clara G. Hays, and Miss Jean Adams, of New York. Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, third vice-president, Mr. John W. Loud, freight traffic manager; Mr. W. E. Davis, passenger traffic manager; Dr. J. Alex. Hutchison, chief medical officer; Mr. H. Deer, assistant secretary, London, England; Mr. D. E. Galloway, secretary to Mr. Hays; Mr. William McWood, Montreal; Mr. W. D. Robb, superintendent of motive power; Mr. J. Coleman, superintendent of car department; Mr. H. R. Charlton, general advertising agent; and Mr. Howard G. Kelley, chief engineer, were the other members of the party.

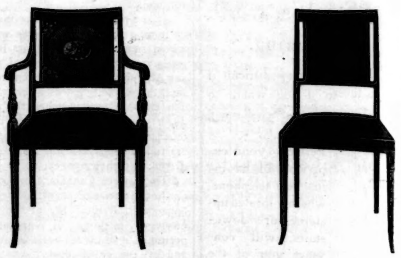
The following arrivals from Toronto are at the Royal Muskoka Hotel: Chas. W. Mitchell, Mrs. C. McLeod, Miss C. McLeod, Mr. Chas. K. McLeod.

The engagement is announced of Minnie Georgina, only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. D. P. Wilson, and Mr. George Harold Holton, son of the late C. P. Holton, Esq., and grandson of the Honorable Sir Mackenzie Bowell, K.C.M.G. The marriage will take place in September.

Among the eligible bachelor members of the British Parliament, a London paper describes Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who is responsible for so many charming tales that he is a hero to every woman, whether she is conscious of the fact or not. In appearance he is of medium height, dark, has a thin, pale face, with good eyes and brow, and wears a monocle. He is a fearless mountain climber and a fair politician.

Simon Lake, inventor of the submarine boat, some time ago took out patents on an airship with his father, Christopher J. Lake, and he has now bought a site in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he will erect a plant for the manufacture of airships.





An exquisite reproduction in decorated satin wood of an antique suite.

John Kay Company
Limited
36 and 38 King St. West

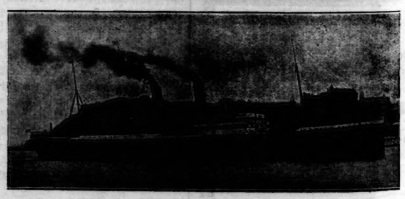
FLORAL DESIGNS

Our designs are distinctive. We use only fresh flowers and, owning and operating our own Conservatories, assure our patrons that only fresh flowers are used.

Dunlop's
96 YONGE ST. TORONTO

can be entrusted with your steamer orders and are enabled to deliver flowers on board all steamers leaving any port either in Canada or United States. A trial is sufficient evidence of our claim. We guarantee safe delivery anywhere.

SAFETY — SPEED — SPLENDOR
"EMPRESSES"
FASTEST AND FINEST IN CANADIAN SERVICE



An "Empress" Leaving Quebec for Liverpool.

Empress of Britain
Empress of Ireland
Hold the ATLANTIC RECORDS Between Canadian Ports and Liverpool.

900 miles in sheltered waters, and less than four days at sea.

Tickets and Information from any Railway or Steamship Agent or W. G. ANNABLE, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

S. J. SHARP, 71 Yonge St., TORONTO.

AUTUMN '09
Special Price Reductions
On Orders placed for Suits This Month.
G. L. MacKay
LADIES' TAILOR 101 YONGE

Gave In and Then Gave Up

THEY had been engaged—only, however, among themselves, the set not being yet ripe for the outer world—for two whole weeks when he came up to stay over Sunday at the hotel.

"I hate those collars, dearie," she said. "Why don't you wear the low, turnover ones like the boys in the hotel here? They'd be much more becoming to you and they really are cooler?"

He murmured something about rah-rah boys and not being just in their class.

"But you're as young as some of the men I see wearing them," she came back at him, "and I don't see why you should already count yourself with the old men. And then, you know I like 'em. And I have even asked you to wear them."

So he returned the following Saturday when they had been engaged for three weeks with his Adam's apple exposed to public gaze. They were sitting on the rocks the next afternoon. He had to take the night train this time.

"Why don't you wear your hair pompadour, dearie?" she asked. "I'm sure it would be becoming to you. Every man I see now wears a pompadour. Did you ever notice Jack Barrymore's? They just seem to brush it right back with perhaps a sort of a part on one side, and it looks terribly smart. You know you've beautiful hair and that little thinness in front wouldn't ever show. Do try it."

This time he said something about the difficulty of imparting to elderly members of the canine family new tricks. Then he added that he was too much occupied anyhow about other things to be worrying as to how his hair was dressed so long as it was clean.

"Just try it once, dearie," she went back at the attack. "Just to see how it looks. I'm sure you'll be glad you did it."

The first of August came and the family moved northward, and when he had followed them to the White Mountains his thin locks were drawn back from his forehead with a suddenness that gave him the look of a bald headed eagle. They had been engaged only five weeks then and the date of its more public announcement was approaching. She gave a little look of abrupt surprise at the new coiffure. He stood with a certain self-consciousness, quite aware that nothing could have been less becoming to his thin face with its sparse thatch of hair arranged in this way.

"It is becoming, dearie; I knew it would be," she said encouragingly after she had scrutinized him several times very closely. "It gives you such a distinguished look."

He stayed until Tuesday this time. So it was on Monday that she was recalling that they had been engaged six weeks already, although the time seemed so short she could scarcely realize it.

"I want you to do something for me, dearie," she began. "You know what it is. I want you to show me just how much you love me. I want to see how you would look without a mustache."

Devoted as he was at this minute he was startled and showed it. If there was any physical attraction about his face it was in the full brown moustache that grew in two sweeping curls from each side of his lip. So he winced.

"You know," she explained, "a pompadour really needs a smooth face. They go together. I know Jack Barrymore may have a little moustache. But it's such a little one. Do, now, like a dear, good, sweet boy, try how you look without a moustache. You know it's for me. And your pompadour is so becoming. You see, I know what's best for you."

He made no promises, but thought in the train on the way home of the years it had taken him to grow that moustache, remembered how a chum had lost the only girl he ever loved rather than part with his and thought she was asking a great deal. But when he told the barber on Tuesday night that he was going to take off his moustache that old friend and adviser was almost speechless from shock. But his protests did not avail.

His friends refrained from commenting on the change in his appearance for fear they might express themselves too strongly. They talked about his looks among themselves, however, and wondered how in the world a man could make such a monkey of himself. He was back on his way to the mountains eight weeks after their engagement to show himself in his latest manifestation. It was a hollow mockery for him to await her comment. He knew just what he looked like in his present state. A glance in the mirror of the dressing-room in the sleeping-car that morning had showed him. He saw the long upper lip stiff from years of wearing a moustache, he saw the front teeth which were hidden under the flowing brown hair and realized how much strength that moustache had imparted to an otherwise rather expressionless countenance.

She drove over to the station to meet him, and in the clear morning light had the fullest opportunity to observe the effect of her advice. She seemed to like it. He drew down his lip in the effort to hide those front teeth, which might have been as pearls so far as she was concerned. She assured him that the abolition of the moustache was a great success, that nothing had ever made such a change in his appearance as the acquisition of the pompadour and the disappearance of the moustache. He had his own opinion as to her sincerity, however. Had he not seen himself in that swift glance into the unflattering sleeping-car mirror? He knew just exactly what his apparition was now, even if it were not always so bad as on that particular occasion.

There was a learned lecturer that came to talk in the hotel dining-room that night, and they went to hear him. She was enthusiastic over his poetic language, but above all over his principles of character. He dwelt on the necessity of every man cultivating his own nature so far as lay within his power. With burning eloquence he told the small number of his listeners that they must, above all things, be true to themselves and stand by their own character, not allow themselves to be swayed in this direction and that by love, by respect, or by any emotion or craving. Any demand that made them lose their own strength of character to please another was ignoble. In a ringing peroration he begged his hearers, who had now diminished by three young couples, who had heard the music in the ball-room, to be true to themselves, and not lose their independence by deferring to others.

"He certainly was wonderful," she said as they walked out on to the piazza after the lecture. "Do you know, dearie, if there was ever a thing in the world in which you might possibly be just the least little tiny bit different from what I had expected, it is your willingness to give in to people. You know you ought to be firmer. It will be bad for you in your career. I'm perfectly sure all those men there in the office must impose on you. Don't you let 'em do it. Be firm. Have your own character and stick by your opinions, just as a man ought to; that is, if he wants a woman to love him."

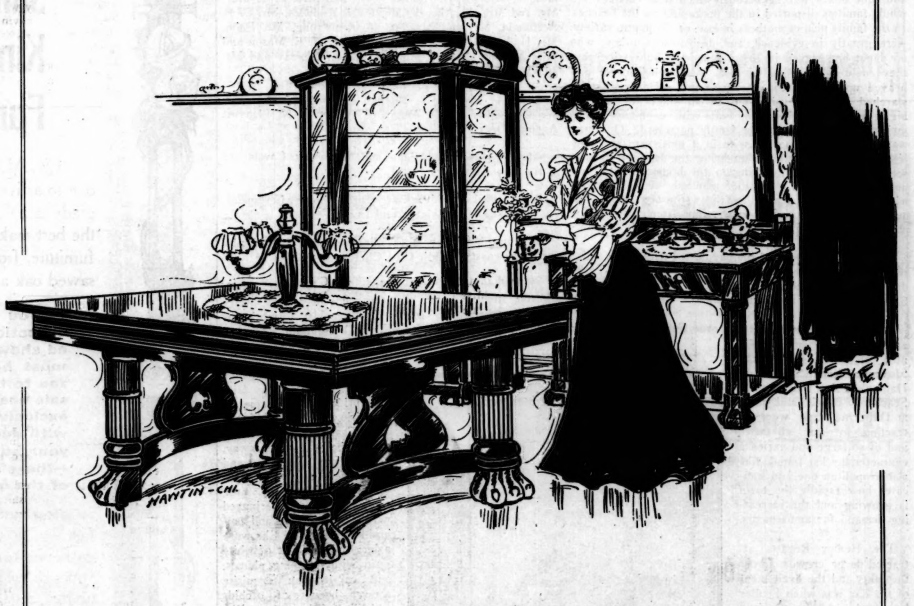
They passed a mirror and he saw himself just at this juncture. Then he remembered what he looked like before the engagement. Perhaps he was not much better, yet he, at all events, was simple and not pretending to anything beyond his possibilities. It was not only his looks he thought over after he had said good-by and gone up to his room, as he had to take a train too early for her to see him in the morning. It was the feeling of the business. It had come to depress him, this going about with a physical make-up, not in the least suited to him. He looked again and felt ashamed of himself. Then that talk on character.

He got off on the morning train. She heard the stage depart and got up to look through the shutters. When she came down to breakfast the clerk handed her a note. She saved it to read as the waiter got her breakfast. It ran:

Dear Mabel: I'm very much afraid that I really have not character enough to hold you to our agreement. This shows my weakness better than I could express it. I lost my collars, then lost my hair, then my moustache, and now I'm giving up you. Perhaps you were right last night. I am just the least tiny little bit lacking in character. But I have summoned all I have to help me write you this letter and say that even with those new collars and my pompadour, but without my moustache, I am too weak in the point of character to deserve you. I won't be up next Saturday or any old Saturdays that I know of; try to accustom yourself to the loss of such a weakling.—N. Y. Sun.

The August Furniture Sale

A Greater Department and a Great Assortment



THIS August our Semi-Annual Furniture Sale will enjoy a unique distinction over all its predecessors. We are able to give furniture nearly three times the space it ever had before. Consequently, we have been able to gather together three times the amount of variety we ever were able to show before. And consequently this August our Furniture Sale must hold three times the ordinary amount of interest for housekeepers.

We will content ourselves at this writing with calling attention to the fact that the Furniture Sale for August, 1909, is open, and preparations of an unusually big scale have been made to bring about the opportunities you will meet when you come. And we invite you to come.

Parlor Suites	$26.00 to	$120.00	Dressers	$10.00 to	$ 82.75	Couches	$8.50 to	$45.00
Sideboards and Buffets	19.50 to	105.00	Dressing Tables	8.00 to	40.00	Den Chairs	3.00 to	47.50
Extension Tables	9.75 to	48.50	Brass Beds	22.00 to	100.00	Springs	1.50 to	13.50
Dining Chairs, in sets	10.25 to	79.50	Enamel Beds	2.50 to	20.00	Mattresses	2.50 to	25.00
Dinner Wagons	7.50 to	27.00	Parlor Tables	2.25 to	36.00	Kitchen Cupboards	6.25 to	28.00
China Cabinets	12.00 to	75.00	Desks	4.00 to	73.50	Baking Cabinets	5.00 to	28.00
Dressers and Stands	11.25 to	42.50	Hall Racks	10.75 to	46.75	Kitchen Tables	2.00 to	4.75
Chiffoniers	7.50 to	81.50						

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED TORONTO

JAMES COSGRAVE, WHO WON THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR SCULLS AT ST. CATHARINES.

A TENDENCY toward an increase in the size of wheels and tires is an accompaniment of the general and growing demand for a motor car of moderately light weight. They mark an increasing appreciation on the part of both maker and owner of the desirability of the quality of easy riding. An obstruction encountered by a large wheel is less of an obstruction than one encountered by a small wheel; it is more easily surmounted; it produces less of a jolt and shakes the passengers less. Just as the road shock produced by any obstruction is magnified as the weight of the car encountering it is increased so is it increased as the wheels are made smaller. People are learning the lesson, which is far from new but which has come to be appreciated only along with actual motoring experience. And they are learning to demand that in touring they be provided with something more than the power that will take them over the road. They have no disposition to be shaken about in a heavy, hard-riding motor car and of being wearied thereby. Touring must be made for them a pleasure; it must provide comfort. In connection with the large wheels the tires have a direct relation to the matter of weight. The over-heavy motor car destroys tires in a far greater proportion to its weight than does the car of moderately light weight.

DONALD was hammering away at the bottom of his garden when his wife came to the door.

"Mon," she said, "ye're making too much clatter. What wull the neebors say?"

"Dom the neebors!" said the busy one. "I maun get ma' barra mendit."

"Oh, but Donal', it's vara wrang to hammer on Sawbath," expostulated the good wife. "Ye ought to use screws!"

A UNIQUE funeral oration was delivered in a town of Alabama not long ago by a darky preacher.

It seems that the habits of the deceased brother had not been irreproachable, to the great scandal of the worthy pastor of the flock. So, in summing up the case at the funeral, the preacher delivered himself of the following:

"My brethren and sisters, we are here to pay our last sad respects to our departed brother. Some says he was a good man, and some says he was a bad man. Where he has gone to we can't tell, but in our grief we have one consolation, and that is—one's dead."

Father: "Now, look here, you girls—when you grow up one of you must be able to speak French, and the other German."

Brenda: "All right, Dad; and Muriel had better learn German, because she can gargle best."—Punch.

When a girl is fishing for a man and catching him she will pretty nearly always unhook him if she is sure she can do it again.

Next week at Shea's theatre the bill will be headed by Cheridah Simpson, an American prima donna, late star of "The Red Feather"; and Gus Edward's Blonde Typewriters, with Percy Chapman, in the musical offering, "A Picnic for One." Other acts included in the bill are: Hal Godfrey and Company, the Peerless Mowatts, Work and Ower, and Gavin Platt and Peaches.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE holiday coming on Monday enabled many people to leave town on Friday and Saturday. All the outgoing boats and trains were crowded to excess, and the town on Monday looked a very deserted place indeed, as the day's sports on Island and beach took up the attention of the stray ones left in town. Picnic hampers and shoe boxes were generously filled with eatables and whole families disported in the parks and on the beaches. In the family picnics mothers-in-law. of the plump variety, were greatly in evidence, and dutiful sons-in-law, who no doubt had stayed in town under the impression that they could have a day of rest, wearily helped off and heaved up on cars the various family evidences, stiffly starched in the morning but in all stages of wilt by night, and followed in the rear with as many boxes, umbrellas and wraps as the family possessed. One man was overheard asking his wife in a nice, sarcastic tone if she had not forgotten "to bring the laundry as that seemed to be the only thing in the house that he was not trying to carry." Another man said he liked "sandwiches in a shoe box and then throw the box away," but he had a more satisfied expression after the various parcels had been opened and sampled.

The day was ideal and the bay dotted with white sails; rowboats and canoes were greatly in evidence; the Parkdale Canoe Club held a regatta, the Toronto Swimming Club a contest, and the cottagers at Kew Beach had games.

A Bowling Tournament at Lambton, organized picnics, ball games, lacrosse, "Juvenile Italian Band" at Hanlan's Point, a carnival at Scarboro' Beach, and races at Dufferin Park were attractions to suit all tastes and of so large and varied a character the list sounds like a metropolitan one and indicates how rapidly the town is growing and the increasing demand for amusements.

The Henley Regatta attracted large crowds across the lake, and the excitement of the day was when Sculler Cosgrave came in four lengths ahead of Shepherd, who was the favorite from the beginning. The Detroit crew were a startling contrast to the other contestants; having practised at night, they were untanned, but were able to capture the senior eights from the well browned Argos, and the handing over of the striped jerseys to the victors was not viewed with enthusiasm by femininity in the grand stand. But in the total results the Argos captured so many firsts their friends and admirers were given opportunity for all the cheering they were capable of.

Lorne Park, Golf Tourney

The Duchess of Fife, with her two daughters, Princess Alexandra (sitting) and Princess Maud.

A wedding of interest to many Toronto friends was that of Miss Florence Grace Polson, daughter of the late F. B. Polson, who was quietly married to Mr. Alexander Kingstone Handy in London, England, on Wednesday, July 28. After the ceremony Mrs. Polson received some Canadian and English friends at the Hyde Park Hotel. After spending some time in Ireland visiting Mr. Handy's old home. a visit to Toronto is contemplated before Mr. and Mrs. Handy take up their residence in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Weatherstone, with their daughter, Mrs. Bain, have gone to the Lake of the Woods for a few weeks and will go on to Vancouver later.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rundle were visitors of Mrs. J. W. Flavelle, of Swaunanoa Lodge, Sturgeon Point, last week.

The Horse Show and Regatta have been the attractions of Cobourg during the week. All the private homes have been filled with guests, and the hotels were taxed to their utmost capacity. The town put on gala attire for the event, and old-time residents hied back to participate in the festivities. People who make their summer homes in Cobourg and others who are looking for locations have been greatly interested in a collection of "antiques" displayed in the ballroom at the Arlington by Mr. Jenkins, the well-known collector, who has been industriously going over that part of the country gathering up much valuable stuff and restoring it to the original beauty.

Dr. J. D. Thorburn was a guest at the Arlington, as were also Dr. W. H. Wright and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Creelman, Dr. Adams, Mr. J. O. Roddick, Mr. and Mrs. McBride, Mr. and Mrs. Guerney. Others in town were Mr. H. J. MacLean, Mr. K. D. Sommerville, Miss Annie Fox, Mrs. Macrae, Mrs. B. McAllister and Mr. W. A. Wilson and family.

Mrs. Alex. M. Munroe is a guest of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Best at the "Manse," Beaverton.

Mrs. Godson and family, of Avenue Road, are spending the summer at "Bide-a-wee" Cottage, Lake Rosseau.

Mrs. E. J. Hoskin, College Street, announces the engagement of her second daughter, Minnie Florence, to Mr. Archibald Mallinson, Regina, Sask. The marriage will take place quietly on the eighteenth of August.

Mrs. J. E. Wilkinson, Sherbourne Street, Mr. Clinton Stephens and Miss Stephens, Pembroke Street, have sailed for the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Beaty are at the Royal Muskoka; also Mrs. John Christie Palmer, Miss Lillian D. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Miss Maisie Lennox, Mr. W. J. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. A. Blakeley, Mr. A. Twynball, Mr. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Myles, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Barnes, Mr. Normal B. Gash, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Evans, Mr. C. H. Watson, Mr. P. L. Gillespie, Mr. J. F. Harkom, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Field, Mr. Stanley T. Thompson, Mr. J. T. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Henderson, Mrs. Gash and family, Mr. A. Holden, Mr. J. Hoakes, Mr. A. Allaraque, Mr. Jas. G. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. May, Mr. and Mrs. R. Allcock, Mr. E. N. Knowles, Mr. C. P. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Armstrong, Mr. Balm, Mr. H. J. Callas, Mr. S. R. Clarke, Mr. J. E. Mason and Miss Mason, Mr. and Mrs. N. Ponton Murray and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wilkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Duggan and son, of Montreal, are the guests of Mr. Duggan's mother at 31 Pleasant Avenue, Deer Park.

Mrs. Michie, Miss Michie and Mrs. Alex. Cowan are at the Royal Muskoka Hotel.

Miss Isobel Allandyce has returned home after spending two months in Chicago and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Williamson with their family are at the coast, Atlantic City, Chelsea by the Sea.

On Wednesday evening, July 28th, 1909, St. Paul's Church, Regina, Sask., was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Miss Mabel I. Reynolds, formerly of Stayner, Ontario, and Mr. Wilmot G. Haultain, Registrar of Land Titles at Regina, formerly of Peterborough, were united in marriage by the Rev. Rural Dean Hill. The bride, as she came up the aisle on the arm of Mr. J. A. Fraser, of Toronto, by whom she was given away, looked very dainty and charming in her bridal gown of ivory Directoire satin, empire, profusely trimmed with seed pearls and embroidered chiffon. She wore a large picture hat of white satin with drooping plumes, and carried an exquisite shower boquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. The bride was attended by Miss Irma Bingham, who wore a gown of white satin striped chiffon touched with gold and pretty pale blue hat of silk net with trimmings of velvet and pale blue plumes, and carried a sheaf of pink bridesmaid roses. Mr. F. W. G. Haultain attended his brother, and Mr. J. Edward Fisher, organist of the Metropolitan Church, played the wedding marches. During the signing of the register Mrs. J. A. Fraser sang "Beloved It Is Morn," and at the close of the ceremony. at the home of the bride, the wedding party partook of a dainty luncheon, after which Mr. and Mrs. Haultain left on the midnight train for an extended trip to the Pacific Coast and Alaska. The bride's going away gown was a very becoming one of brown Rajah silk elaborately braided, with a hat of brown satin straw to match the costume. On their return they will reside at 2152 Hamilton St., Regina.

Mrs. Heming and Miss Emma Heming, of Hamilton, are visiting Mrs. Noxon at her summer home, "The Breakers," Southampton.

The ball which is to be given in order to make up the balance of the money needed to complete the payment on St. John's Mission House on Fallis Ave., and which was postponed until the autumn, will be held at the magnificent new Prince George Hotel on November 4th instead of on Nov. 9th, which was at first decided upon. Mrs. Matchell will call a meeting of the Lady Patronesses early in September to decide upon the final arrangements.

Miss Catherine Beverley Robertson, who played in "The Road to Yesterday" during last season in Toronto, has been spending some time at "Sunset Bay," Kawartha Lakes, and is now staying with friends in town.

Miss Mary Taylor has returned to town after several months' visit in England, and is with her sister at Elms Court Apartments.

Miss Laura Bell and Miss Gladys E. Graham, of Barrie, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Geo. M. Parsons, 43 Howland Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hunter announce the engagement of their daughter, Gladys, to Mr. John M. Ira Shanahan, of Penetanguishene. The marriage will take place early in September.

Mrs. Gillette, Mrs. Bovell, Miss Bovell, and Miss Helen Nachell left for England last week.

The Swiss are alive to the weakness of English and American tourists for things ancient (declares The London Globe). An Innsbruck paper says that one of the popular manufactured antiquities is the Swiss flag of a hundred years ago. A new one is made to resemble a centenarian by a process which includes fading the colors in the sun, bespattering it with tallow, and laying it in the granary, where the mice soon give it the necessary tattered appearance. Finally it is subjected again to the rays of Father Sun, is mounted on a worm-eaten, broken staff, and is then ready for the English or American tourist in search of centennial trophies.

Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, raised the Tenth Kentucky Regiment in 1861 and fought with it until 1863. His name was then before the Senate for promotion to a brigadiership when his father died, and he was compelled to leave the service.

A Complete Set of Makers' Samples—Only One of a Kind—Joins the August Furniture Sale.

QUALITY was our first consideration. The lot is due to arrive Saturday. It's the biggest assortment of high-grade samples we ever bought—the complete set from one of the best makers in the country—mostly bedroom and dining furniture, from medium to very elegant qualities, in quarter-sawed oak and mahogany.

You can imagine the floor space such a collection would occupy in our already crowded show rooms—and you'll realize that they must be moved out quickly—the prices will see to that. Some of the best values of the sale are included in the lot, and if you desire exclusiveness, beauty of design and quality, with durability and service, this lot presents your buying opportunity. Only one of a kind—therefore prices and description are out of the question.

But no matter how exclusive or what elegance your taste in Furniture demands, there's such an assortment gathered for this sale, you'll find ample choice, whether you prefer period designs, Mission style, Colonial effects, or just good strong handsome every-day serviceable Furniture—and certainly if Price is a consideration you'll find it's to your advantage to buy during the August Furniture Sale.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

BASS, PICKEREL AND LAKE TROUT—TEMAGAMI

Fishing is splendid this year in Temagami. On July 29, a lake "trout," weighing 30 pounds, was taken near Bear Island, and a few days previously a 9 pound pickerel. The Grand Trunk offers the greatest variety of Vacation trips from a week-end to Muskoka, costing $3.50, to a tour to the Alaska-Yukon-Exposition, Seattle, costing $74.10 round trip from Toronto.

REMEMBER THE SEASIDE EXCURSIONS

to Maine, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New Bruns wick, etc.. Very low rates August 9, 10, 11, 12. Return limit August 30, 1909.

Full information and tickets from C. E. Horning, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, or address.

J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto

THE TOP NOTCH IN POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY

No. 3A FOLDING POCKET

KODAKS

PICTURES 3¼ x 5½. PRICE, $20.00

Have the new Kodak Ball Bearing silent shutters, Superior rapid rectilinear lenses and every adjustment that is desirable in a hand camera, yet retain the perfect Kodak simplicity.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Canada.

Chas. Potter, 85 Yonge St.
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

Kodak-ing in August

Thousands of snapshots, of many different kinds, in all sorts of places, will be taken during August.

It is the great outing month, and Kodak-ing is a popular pastime of every outing.

This is the store where you get the best in Kodaks, in supplies, and where your films and plates are best developed.

Potter, Optician, Toronto

The Best Food
FOR THE
Summer Time
IS
CHATEAU BRAND BAKED BEANS

Avoid the heat—save the work—get away from the worry of a hot oven and the hard work of preparing Home Baked Beans.

Chateau Brand Baked Beans are thoroughly cooked through and through in a steam-heated oven with a temperature twice as great as the ordinary oven.

This insures complete digestibility, a rich nutty flavor and mealiness impossible in Home Baked Beans where the heat is necessarily much less.

Your Grocer has Chateau Brand Baked Beans in 10, 15 and 20 cent tins.

Wm. Clark, Montreal
Manufacturer of
High-Grade Food Specialties

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and
The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO

The Home Bank of Canada
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO 8 KING ST. WEST.
Branches and connections throughout Canada. Agents established in Great Britain and United States. Letters of Credit issued to any part of the world. Collections made and promptly remitted.
SIX OFFICES IN TORONTO.

DOCTORS
find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filed at our store always produce the results sought for.
HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

THE WHITE MARBLE SPHINX

By ROSAMOND MARRIOTT WATSON

It was summer-time in the Little Boy's garden, and they were all busy shelling peas on the broad lower lawn, under the shadow of the big May-tree. The mid-day sun was shining on the smooth grass and the flower-beds full of red and white roses; and which sounded the sweeter, the soft, rippling whisper of the fountain, or the blue-tit's odd little song as he flitted in and out between the cherry-tree boughs, it would have been difficult to tell. They were all very busy; that is to say, the Little Boy and his Mother were scooping the pearly green peas out of their pods and dropping them with a little, rattling sound into a big, blue-and-white bowl; while Tony, the Little Boy's small, smooth, white dog, and Toutou, his large, black fluffy cat, and Francis, his friend, and the Sphinx, were busy watching them. They had not been speaking for at least two minutes when the Little Boy said: "I can't make out what other thing it is he says, Mummy. First he says: 'Yes—it—*is*, yes—it—*is*, yes—it—*is*,' just as though someone we can't hear was keeping on contradicting him; but the other bit is longer. There, he's singing it again!"

"It sounds very like something that is true sometimes, just now and then, about you," said his Mother, smiling in rather a funny way; "but that isn't true to-day."

"I know what it is," broke in Francis; "it's '*Naughty* Dickie, *Naughty* Dickie, *Naughty* Dickie!' and I suppose that's what they mean by 'tell-tale-tit.'"

"However did you guess?" asked the Little Boy. "But he's wrong today, anyhow, for I haven't been the least littlest bit bad ever since I woke up this morning; have I, Mummy?"

"No, dear, not the very least; you've been as good, and almost as quiet, as the Sphinx all the morning."

"Oh!" groaned Francis, rolling over on to his back among the daisies, "I only wish I felt half as cool as the Sphinx looks; even here in the shade it's hot—it's hot everywhere." It certainly was hot; so hot that the families of dingy brown sparrows who were busily taking their midday bath all round the rim of the fountain could talk of nothing else. And the white marble Sphinx did look beautifully cool, sitting so calm and still under the May-tree, with its great wings that looked, to the Little Boy, always ready to take flight, as if it might spread them at any moment and sail off into the sky. He would not, he thought, feel in the least surprised if it did. It sat there always with that wise, quiet smile on its beautiful face, looking as if it knew all about everything in the world, and felt rather pleased with it on the whole. "It could tell me all sorts of wonderful things, I am sure, if it liked," he said to himself, as he softly popped the last shining green pod between thumb and finger; but he did not say this out loud, because he never told other children his thoughts about the Sphinx, for fear they should laugh and think him silly.

He carried the big, blue-and-white bowl over the sunny lawn and gave it to Cook through the kitchen window, and Cook said: "Thank you, Master Dickie. What a useful boy you do get! Whatever we should do without your help, I'm sure I don't know!" And when he got back to the May-tree and plumped down on the cool grass again, he found that Francis had moved his place and was sitting in front of the Sphinx.

"Whatever has it got round its neck?" he was asking, "and whatever for? Whoever can have been goose enough to go putting a wreath on a silly stone image?"

The Little Boy turned rather red, but he did not say anything, only as he looked at the marble face he could have declared that it smiled at him. Just for the tiniest part of a second it seemed—no more; or perhaps it might only have been a twinkle of sunlight falling between the thick hawthorn boughs as a blackbird flew clucking out and dashed across his garden into the next.

The Little Boy's Mother looked up and smiled very much the same kind smile as the Sphinx. "Dick has always been very fond of it," she said. "When he was quite a tiny baby, we used to wheel him out here in his perambulator and let him sleep beside it in the shade; and later on, when he used to crawl about on rugs and cushions, he seemed to like being here best. Yes, and the very first time he ever stood upright of his own accord, he pulled himself up by its left wing and said something most triumphantly in his own language. So you see, Francis, the Sphinx is really an old friend, and must not be made fun of!"

"Oh, Master Dickie," she said, "what a turn you have given me!"

And the next minute the two boys had raced off to the fountain to look at the one gold-fish who wouldn't turn golden like the rest, but obstinately remained a dull purple with two white spots, which, of course, was a serious matter; and even Francis could not think what had better be done. "A boy I know," he said sternly, "used to give his the yellow gelatine off crackers when he had any; but I don't remember if it did them any good."

The shadows were long upon the lawn, and the sun was low when the Little Boy came down the garden to the May-tree again.

Francis's Fraulein had taken him home some time since, and the Little Boy felt just comfortably tired with the pleasant, long day of play. He was rather pleased, too, with some new inventions they had hit upon between them, and especially with one—an idea strictly of his own—about making a little summer-house in the orchard-garden for his dormice, with a wee flower-bed and a fountain with real water in front, and perhaps a real radish-plot behind it. He would soon have to go in, he knew, for it was getting near bedtime; but the evening air was so soft and cool, and the thrush was singing such a sweet "Good night" from the very topmost bough of the towering green pagoda of the deodar, that he felt happy all through and just as good as gold. The roses in the garland that hung about the Sphinx's neck were drooping now, and the great, white wings behind the beautiful head glimmered strangely in the dim, blue twilight, almost as though they were moving, he thought. It was altogether too peaceful and pleasant to go in, even to the comfortable night-nursery and the smooth, white bed. "Mummy and Daddy are going out to dinner to-night," he remembered; "and I expect Emma is helping her to dress, and will come to call me in when she wants me." So he loitered to and fro and sang to himself as he went. He sang out of sheer contentment, without much thought of either the words or the tune, in much the same way as the thrush sings just before going to sleep. The words were out of a little song his Mother had made for him a few days ago, and went something like this—

O, when I was a little child, I had a golden tree,
With golden boughs and blossoms overhead;
And there were golden chimneys to my house that used to be,
And a sound of golden wings about my bed.

"Oh, Master Dickie! what a turn you have given me!"

And the tune was a very pretty one.

"What is that you are singing?" said a low, clear voice just behind him. "It sounds sweetly . . . it reminds me—"

The Little Boy took both his hands out of his pockets and stared round him in bewilderment. It certainly was not Emma's voice; and, besides, Emma was nowhere to be seen. There was a yellow light in Mummy's bedroom window, and every now and then a dark figure would flit across the orange-coloured square of it; but there was no one at all on the lawn but himself and—yes—there was the Sphinx. The sun was quite gone now, and the early stars were coming out one by one.

"Was it you that spoke?" said the Little Boy; and now he felt sure, for the Sphinx smiled at him through the soft starlight—there could be no possible mistake about it this time—and slightly bent its head towards him. "But why have you never spoken to me before?" he asked.

"Why have you never stayed out here after sunset before on this day of the year?" replied the same quiet voice.

"I don't know," he said, still a little bewildered. "I suppose Mummy didn't allow me to. And what do you mean by this day of the year? and how did you come alive? I've often and often wanted to tell you things, but I was afraid it wouldn't be any use—"

"Well, you can tell me anything you like now." said the Sphinx. "And how comes it that you do not know what day this is? Can you truly be so ignorant as not to know that this is what some people call Old Midsummer Eve, and others St. John's Eve? It had another name in days gone by, but that you would not understand. Why, it is the most important time in all the year—the one evening when I and many others of my kind are able to speak and move and live, and are free to go where we will. If you were to go into the drawing-room now, you would not find the white stone lady (as I have heard you call her) on her pedestal in the corner by the window; and—look over at the fountain—where is the cherub with the fish's tail (as you call him)? Can you see him?"

The Little Boy rubbed his eyes and peered through the gathering dusk. "N-no," he said after a pause. "I can't exactly make him out; but it's getting rather dark, you know, now. How I wish I didn't have to go to bed! Emma is sure to be here in a minute, and I did so want to stay and talk to you."

"Look out of your window before you jump into bed," said the Sphinx. "The stars will be giving plenty of light by then; and see if you can make *me* out here."

Its smile was more mysteriously sweet than ever as it spoke, and its wide wings rustled softly, as though it were going to spread them.

"Oh, don't fly away!" cried the child, so dolefully that the Sphinx looked almost sorry. "Oh! where are you going? and what for? and will you perhaps never come back again?"

"Hush, hush!" said the winged, white creature—and this time it seemed to smile in quite a kind, comforting sort of way—"they are calling you from the house. Don't you hear them? Go now, or they will be displeased; and perhaps—perhaps—who knows?—you may see me presently." And not a word more would it say.

Sure enough, they were calling him from the house; and as he turned slowly to go in, he could catch the whitish glimmer of Emma's apron far down the gravel walk. He must certainly hurry; she was actually coming to look for him, although he knew

(*Concluded on Page* 19).

What About the Heat?

ARE YOU GOING TO COMPLAIN OF THE HEAT THIS SUMMER OR PREPARE TO BE COOL IN SPITE OF IT?

THE SIMPLEST AND BEST PREPARATION IS TO INSTALL AN ELECTRIC FAN. THEY ARE MADE IN ALL SIZES AND ALL TYPES FOR ALL PURPOSES; FOR THE HOME, FOR THE OFFICE, FOR THE STORE.

THE NEW EIGHT-INCH COMBINATION DESK AND BRACKET FAN FOR THE HOME IS ONE THAT YOU SHOULD NOT FAIL TO INVESTIGATE. IT WEIGHS ONLY 4½ POUNDS, AND SO CAN CONVENIENTLY BE CARRIED FROM ROOM TO ROOM. IT IS NOISELESS. IT WILL KEEP YOU COMFORTABLE ALL DAY LONG FOR LESS THAN TWO CENTS. PHONE M. 3975.

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

The Toronto Electric Light Company
12 EAST ADELAIDE STREET

SUMMER FATIGUE CURED AT
Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths

The pores being thoroughly cleansed of obnoxious perspiration and effete matter, the system then becomes charged with fresh, pure oxygen, so that one enjoys a hot day without becoming fatigued. A swim in the cool marble swimming bath is very refreshing.

Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms.

Established 1874. 202 and 204 KING ST. WEST Phone M. 1286.

THIS RECEIPT BOOK FREE

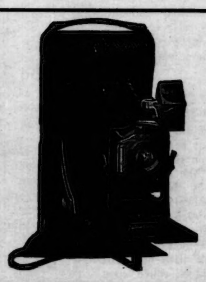
(⅔ ACTUAL SIZE)

This receipt book is a little treasure. Over sixty new and most delicious cold drinks and desserts—ice creams—sherbets—water ices—frappe—fruit drinks—mousses—puddings—pies—cakes.

If you and your family like good things, write for this book. We'll send it promptly, free.

FILL IN THIS COUPON

National Drug Co., 36 St. Gabriel St., Montreal:
Please send me, free, a copy of your book, "Cooling Drinks and Frozen Desserts."
Name .....
Address .....T.S.



DON'T GO ALONE
TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU

No vacation complete without a Kodak.

The No. 3 A, Folding Pocket, is the favorite size. Price, $20.00.

Send us your films to develop.

J. G. RAMSEY & CO., Limited, 89 Bay Street

Dainty Garments for Dainty Women

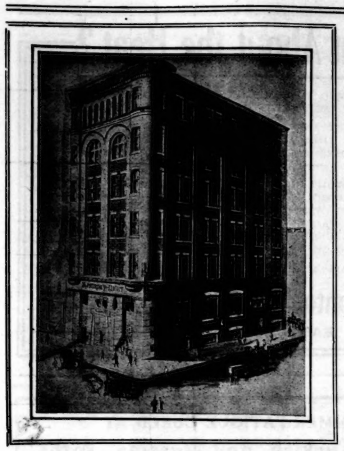
If you would have out-of-the-ordinary house gowns and dressing sacques—if you want them with distinction and style to them—ask your dealer to show you

Galtfleece EIDERDOWN
Garments for Women

They are made on stylish lines—are soft, fleecy and restful. Handsomely trimmed with silk, satin and braid.

Let us send you a free sample of "GALT-FLEECE" material and a copy of our booklet showing a few of the styles. Write for it to-day.

The Galt Knitting Company, Limited, Galt, Ontario



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } Main { 8640 / 8641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:
Board of Trade Building. (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries $1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, August 7, 1909. No. 43.

!?· Points About People ·?!

Amalgamated Parishes.

THE amalgamation of two city parishes of the Anglican Church, St. George's and St. Margaret's, is a sign of the times. As in New York and other cities, the people are moving up-town, and the one-time fashionable churches are being deserted. St. George's, on Beverley St., at one time boasted the most fashionable and exclusive congregation in the city of Toronto, St. James' Cathedral not excepted. But gradually the people have been moving away, and the church has been emptied. St. Margaret's parish, its next-door neighbor, was practically started for the poor, who did not feel quite at home in the crowded little conventicle named after England's patron saint. The man who is to take charge of the amalgamated parishes was once curate of St. George's, and the first and only Rector of St. Margaret's. He is a man who has devoted his life to the betterment of the poor, and there is no man of any denomination in the city who knows more about distress and all the evils it brings about. Poverty is around him everywhere in his parish, especially so since the heavy tide of immigration set in two or three years ago. When he was mentioned as a compromise candidate for the Bishopric of Toronto last spring, the people of his neighborhood were delighted at the compliment, but in despair lest they should lose "Father Moore," as he is called. The glowing, shrewd Irishman, with his constant joke and the tears just back of his eyelashes, with his briar root pipe, his mobile face, and his deep and tender piety, which is never paraded, is beloved as only a man who is truly a priest of God can be.

An Old-School Politician.

THE late Frank Turner was one of the old-school Tories, one of a school that is fast passing away. Those who have not seen him on his native heath in the Bracondale of which he was called "the laird," have little idea of how he was idolized by the populace. Bracondale is situated on the heights overlooking the western portion of the city, and its outlet used to be old Seaton Village, which centred at what is now Bathurst and Bloor Streets. He was one of the men whom Sir John A. Macdonald grappled to himself with hooks of steel, a thick and thin Tory, who could be relied upon to remain true in time of trouble. This is the kind of friend that every political leader desires, though such loyalty to party leaders does not perhaps make for the best service to the community. Frank Turner, however, was a man who represented the broadest and best elements of Toryism. He was geniality personified, with much knowledge, and broad standards. There is a cant phrase that is dug up for everybody, and in nine cases of ten is misapplied. When there is nothing else to say about a man the newspaper obituarist describes him as "a hater of shams." There was much more to be said of the late Mr. Turner, but this was literally true of him. With the nauseating hypocrisy which is the besetting sin of the modern Canadian publicist he had no sympathy whatever. He was a bluff, hearty type, a believer in the King, the country, and the Conservative party. When he entered a political meeting in his own district, it meant that proceedings were interrupted while the boys cheered him, and no matter who was speaking the chairman was obliged to ask him to desist while he invited Mr. Turner to the platform.

"JUMP!"

A Strong Triumvirate.

BISHOP WORRELL, of Nova Scotia, who is spending his holidays at Hubbard's on beautiful St. Margaret's bay, is a keen yachtsman and delights in nothing more than breasting the billows as they roll in from the Atlantic. One day recently, while so engaged, he entered into conversation with a guest, and the talk turned to his early life in Ontario, where his field of clerical labor lay until he was called to preside over the diocese of Nova Scotia five years ago. And in the course of the talk-fest, His Lordship told the following story:

"A little while ago I was on the International Limited en route from Toronto east. In the chair car was Sir James Whitney, my former parishioner, and we swapped many a reminiscence of former days. At Brockville the Federal Minister of Railways entered the car, and as usual when 'Genial George' is present good stories began to circulate, with the result that Mr. Graham was soon the centre around which most of the passengers congregated. As we passed Morrisburg, Mr. Graham turned to one of the party and said: 'Do you see that little town? Well, I'll tell you a story. Some years ago three young men started their careers there. One was the enthusiastic and energetic rector of the Anglican church; another was an ambitious and hard-reading lawyer; the third was the editor of a struggling weekly (not to say weakly) newspaper. These three young men used to meet in the evenings in the summer to exchange outdoor opinions of how they would run the world if they had the chance, and in the winter to read together and dream dreams of the future. Time passed on and they separated, only to meet semi-occasionally, and seldom all three together. But to-day they are all here. There (pointing to me, said the Bishop) sits the enthusiastic and energetic rector, now the Bishop of Nova Scotia. There (indicating Sir James Whitney) is the ambitious and hard-reading lawyer, now the Premier of the Premier Province of Canada; and I, the Minister of Railways and Canals of Canada, am the editor of the struggling weekly.'"

Was it any wonder that the Bishop should add: "How many towns in Canada can equal this record of Morrisburg?"

Bound to be Commemorated.

IN the Anglican diocese of Nova Scotia there is a very laudable custom of placing on record in new churches the names of the man or men who are chiefly instrumental in providing the funds for the house of worship, and each new church bears, in some form or other, an inscription bearing the names of those who carried the burden of collecting the money for the building. But the church at Mill Cove, on St. Margaret's Bay, is unique. It contains a tribute to a man who is still very much alive.

It seems that when the building was being erected a committee of the parishioners was appointed and the work was divided among its members, one undertaking the supervision of the wood work, another looking after the furnishings, and so on. The duty of obtaining a bell was allotted to one George E. Jollimore, who sent down to Boston and secured a bell of most metallic sound; but he took the precaution of having it inscribed:

"Sacred to the memory of George E. Jollimore."

The bell was duly installed and has done duty ever since, but Mr. Jollimore is still alive although the bell is there as a post-mortem tribute. He evidently does not propose to hide his light under the steeple.

The Late Hon. John Dryden.

THOSE who did not know the Legislature of Ontario of twelve or fifteen years ago, can hardly appreciate the standing which the late Hon. John Dryden held in this province. During all the strenuous years when the Liberal administration was, as it were, walking on a tight-rope and before it came to its fall, Hon. Mr. Dryden was the one man whose policy in the conduct of his department was never successfully attacked. Indeed the best tribute to him was the statement of Hon. Nelson Monteith, after the Conservatives came into power, that he would continue to carry out the policies of his predecessor. One memorable speech was made by the late John Ira Flatt, who used to sit for North Wentworth, and was a staunch Liberal who threw off the party yoke after the party machine in his riding froze him out. Some in in the Conservative opposition had ventured to criticize the estimates of Mr. Dryden, and Mr. Flatt rose in his wrath. "Why," he exclaimed, "if any one was to go into a farmer's house in my constituency and say anything against Mr. Dryden, the farmer's wife would chase him out of the house with a broom.

Despite his great services to the cause of agricultural development and education in the province of Ontario, Mr. Dryden always had great difficulty in getting re-elected. His constituency was almost entirely rural, and once he was in office the farmers who used to know him when he used to ride into Whitby on his own load of hay, far from being proud of the distinction that he had won, commenced to think that he was getting "stuck on himself." Hon. Nelson Monteith encountered the same prejudice in South Perth and undeservedly went down under it at the last general election. It was the complaint of Mr. Dryden that his wife could not buy a yard of calico without offending somebody, and if she did not buy it in the constituency the whole community would be offended. In the declining days of the Government of which he was a member, it was absolutely necessary that his seat should be held for the Government not only because every seat meant as much as ten do to the present administration, but because outside his own constituency, in ridings where local jealousies did not exist, he was the strongest man in the administration. The grossest corruption was resorted to to elect him, but it was never shown, nor was it believed even by the most prejudiced Tories, that Mr. Dryden was personally cognizant of the means taken to elect him. Indeed, he would have willingly retired had not the party pressure been too strong for him. Probably he was the most surprised man of all when at an election trial following a bye-election it was revealed that $100 bills had been flung around as though they were quarters. A very sensitive man, he deeply felt the aspersions of the opposition press which tried to bring the corruption used home to himself. The rancors of that period have passed away. People nowadays laugh at the issues that were raised against Mr. Dryden in 1894 and 1898. There was the famous instance in which he wrote to the director of the Experimental Farm at Guelph recommending that he buy a "silver medal bull" from one of the farmers in his riding. What harm there lay in this would be difficult to define, but the Tories made a fuss about it. Then there was the calf with a cough, and the decrepit beast served as an issue for a time. Then there was the ram Dan who was alleged to have been purchased in his declining years. All these petty scandals came to the end they deserved, and it was good to note men of both parties around the bier of Mr. Dryden paying a just tribute to his merits. Should the town of Whitby choose to erect a memorial to him, it will be honoring a man who did a great deal for his country.

Little Talks on Toronto.

III. MUSIC

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

TORONTO is considered the centre of music in Canada and one of the most musical cities in America. Undoubtedly this is so. And of course we are told that the Mendelssohn Choir is the cause. Or some say—the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Others affirm the National Chorus. Here and there one says the reason is the schools of music with their thousands of pupils from all over America; or the military bands representing three thousand of our national defenders; or the church choirs with their thousands of choristers.

Strange that among so many contributory causes to the musical status of the capital city of Ontario, the one true cause should have been missed. I mean—the street piano. Even as this is being written, one of these marvelous mechanisms is performing a garbled imitation of "The Holy City"—for the ninth time in the same block to-day. To-morrow will be so again; next day also; all days of the week except Sunday. That machine has perpetrated this faded reminiscence not less than one hundred times a day, six days a week, for the past eighteen months. It has played an imitation of "God Save the King" just as often. This is not even correct as to rhythm. These are two of the best tunes. The others are mainly the kind that an average man with a fair degree of respect for his sensibilities would go round a block to avoid.

The life of a street piano is not less than seven years. Higher mathematics might be able to compute the number of times the average down-town man in Toronto would be likely to hear the same rigmarole of bob-tailed melodies—and some not bobtailed enough; for when one itinerant becomes weary of his melodeon he swaps it for another—and the last state of that machine is far worse than the first.

This is the common school of musical education in Toronto. The choral societies and the church choirs and the orchestra are the academies and universities. The choral societies crowd all their concerts into three weeks. The orchestra occupies one week. The church choirs perform less than a hundred times a year. The street piano grinds on forever and forever—and after that some more. There are several of these noise-factories; just how many I have forgotten—though once upon a time when the machines were better and the melodies rather good, I wrote a eulogy upon these strolling musicians.

No human ear has ever been constructed dull enough not to be able to hear one of these performances for a distance of two blocks. No skyscraper has ever been built high enough to get away from their sphere of influence. At the top of the Traders Bank "The Holy City," performed in the same old unholy way, is heard as plainly as in the street below. Cellars have not been constructed capable of shutting out these sounds. Even the walls of a courtyard five stories high will not exclude them.

Some men like these pianos. They say the rhythm helps to put them in good humor. This being the case, it may be bad taste and poor charity in here and there a man to analyze such music. We are said to be badly lacking in street music in Canada. We should be thankful for the tom-tom piano. There are citizens of Toronto who have been known to hire these "unwearying melodists" to play for half an hour to please the children before going to school—on the principle, perhaps, that the average child would be glad to go anywhere after hearing that kind of rhythmical noise. There is a man on Spadina avenue who has a grudge against his neighbor that teaches violin from early morn till dewy eve. He has been known to hire a street pianist to play regularly every forenoon for an hour in front of the music master's place.

People have been known to object to these machines in the summer, because the down-town windows are open and with a street musician playing below, one is not able to hear his own telephone. This is selfish. The street pianists make no stated charge for the music. They do not even pay a license. They play for the mere chance of a casual five-cent piece or a copper. Besides, it is always possible to ring up again when the piano is on. There is one street of lower Toronto where, within a block and a half, one of these music trucks stops six times in succession. Two of the stations are hotels. Often of a summer evening, when the bacchanalian sends on the doorstep have swapped all the yarns they know, the music pedlar is bull-baited up to giving a repertoire concert—with repetitions by special request. This means one performance last seventeen minutes—with cadenza variations, when one of the audience does a bear dance on the sidewalk or takes a notion to manoeuvre the crank himself.

Policemen not being fond of music—but why mention this policeman, who has been busy some part of the day shooing along the peanut man that pays his license and makes no noise at all? The fact is that the music morgue has become an established institution in Toronto. It will always be so. So far as one or two of these musicians are concerned, so may it be. Perhaps all the others sound as good to most other people as that casual one does to the man who criticizes. It so happens, however, that this one seldom or never gets round to some parts of the town, whereas the others have established a circuit. Sometimes I think the music pedlars have formed a trust—except that now and again two of them play under the same window at once, which seems like bad economy for a trust.

Perhaps some one asks—what makes one machine better than other? Well, it may be the tunes, which are good and bad even in street pianos. More often it is the quality of tone. The older machines were made better, with some regard to lyric quality of tone.

But then, of course, this is neither the time nor the place for music criticism. The street piano is gone round the corner. Somebody else is saying "Damn!" Somebody is asking for an encore.

Thus will it always be. Toronto is a music centre. Somebody has to keep up the reputation when the choral conductors and the leaders of orchestras and the teachers of singing and instruments are away in Muskoka. The only valid recommendation perhaps is, that if the street pianists are recognized as members of the faculty, they should be required to play every little while in front of the Conservatory and the College of Music, so that Dr. Fisher and Dr. Torrington may have a chance to know what the repertoires are.

His Set to Music.

THE time has passed when tall girls stooped their shoulders in an effort to hide their height, when men with bald heads endeavored to conceal their shining pates by plastering them with fringes of long hair brushed upwards from their ears, and when Klondike blondes bleached their bright red tresses. With shoulders squared and head held erect the tall girl now glories in her height. If the dome of man's temple of thought wears bare he leaves it so and prides himself on his well-shaped head. The red-haired girl no longer peroxides her locks into the semblance of fried eggs but brushes and furnishes her ruddy tresses till her coiffure looks like a carving in copper or gold.

"If you have a freckle make the most of it," is the motto of the present day, and Mr. Cave-Brown-Cave, of Montreal, shows his wisdom in being proud of a name that many a weaker man would sink under. Montrealers are telling what they claim to be a true story at his expense.

The other day Mr. H. S. Holme, also of Montreal, addressed Mr. Cave-Brown-Cave as "Mr. Cave." At this the owner of the three-fold appellation stiffened up and remarked:

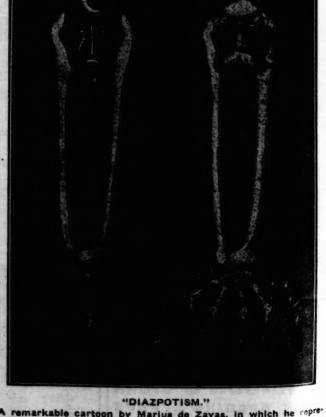
"My name is Cave-Brown-Cave, Mr. Holme."

"Oh, is it?" said Mr. Holme. "Well, mine is Holme-Sweet-Home."

Who Had a Better Right to His Name?

G. B. LANKESTER, author of "On the Altar Stairs," has been called by many the Kipling of New Zealand. This forceful writer, is not, as most people suppose, a man, but a very charming, retiring young woman with a soft English voice and a shy manner. Her name is Edith J. Lyttleton, and her home in the rakaia (as the Malays call it,) or province of Canterbury, New Zealand.

Miss Lyttleton, who is at present in this part of the world gathering material for a Canadian novel, was asked how she came to adopt her nom de plume. She explained that her first story had as its hero a young man of that name. So elated was she when the story won a prize that she decided then and there to write in future under the name of G. B. Lankester.



"DIAZPOTISM."

A remarkable cartoon by Marius de Zayas, in which he represents the Mexican President as the counterpart of the deposed Turkish Sultan.

A Recently Discovered Wesley Manuscript

A Toronto gentleman contributes to Saturday Night copy of a letter written by John Wesley, discovered e recently in Toronto in an old book.

The Wesley manuscript is the ordination papers of Rev. Thomas Coke, D.C.L., the first superintendent of Methodist church in North America, and was written John Wesley, who appointed Dr. Coke to the position September 2, 1784.

The following short sketch of the events which led up r. Coke's appointment is also contributed:

After the American Revolution many of Wesley's helpers were driven out of the United States on the e of being British sympathizers, and from 1773-1783 minutes of the English Methodist Conference contain ecords of the work done in America. Also from 1784 there were no published minutes of the Ameri- Methodist Conference.

Wesley had intended the Methodist organizations in ica to be dependent on the Church of England gymen for the administration of the Sacraments of ism and the Lord's Supper, but the Civil War des- ed all possibility of it. Twice he wrote to Lowth, op of London, asking him to ordain some of the Methodist helpers, and thus give them authority to ad- ister these sacraments, but Lowth refused, stating there were three Church of England clergymen in erica already!

After waiting in vain for four years, Wesley, assisted Rev. Creighton, ordained Thomas Coke.

The ordination paper in Wesley's handwriting is as follows:

To all to whom these Presents shall come, John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College in Oxford, Presbyter of the Church of England, sendeth greeting.

Whereas many of the People in the Southern Provinces of North America, who desire to continue under my care, and still adhere to the Doctrines and Discipline of the Church of England are greatly distrest for want of ministers to administer the Sacraments of Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, according to the usage of the said Church: And whereas there does not appear to be any other way of supplying them with ministers:

Know all men, that I, John Wesley, think myself to be providentially called at this time to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America. And therefore under the Protection of Almighty God, and with a single eye to his Glory, I have this day set apart as a Superintendent, by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by other ordained ministers), Thomas Coke, Doctor of Civil Law, a Presbyter of the Church of England, and a man whom I judge to be well qualified for that great work. And I do hereby recommend him to all whom it may concern as a fit person to preside over the Flock of Christ. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of September in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

John Wesley.

Are We Under-Languaged?

THOSE who attended the meetings of the National Council of Women in this city some time ago will remember the remarkable ease with which the foreign delegates spoke English. These women came from almost every country of Europe, and yet there was scarcely one of them that could not express herself with a certain fluency, and sometimes even elegance, in English. In fact their linguistic skill was so marked that one was naturally led to make comparisons—odious or otherwise—and wonder what figure the Canadian and English-speaking delegates generally would make if the conditions were changed, and they should be called on to speak in another language, French, for instance, or German. Would they show up to such advantage as these delegates from France and Italy and Germany and Denmark? Would they be able to talk at all?

Without assuming responsibility of settling this rather invidious point, one may yet quote an article in The Forum for August on the subject, "Why Americans Are Under-Languaged." The author, Mr. Charles C. Ayer, frankly takes it for granted that the average American is deficient in linguistic knowledge, and gives the reasons, which may prove of interest and value to Canadians. He points out that at the International Tuberculosis Congress held at Washington last fall, the Americans present again demonstrated their inability to cope with modern foreign languages. They could, on the whole, neither follow the papers read, nor engage in conversation with the distinguished foreigners who honored the Congress with their presence. This inability, indifference, or whatever it may be, on the part of the American toward foreign languages, has since brought forth numerous articles on their "under-languaged" condition, all of which make interesting reading. But among the reasons to be set forth, there are several which seem as yet not to have appeared in print. One of them is this:—The upper-class Americans feel no incentive to learn to speak the modern European languages when at home in the United States, since they have little opportunity to speak them with persons whom they can regard as their equals socially or intellectually. The steerages of the transatlantic liners are bringing thousands of foreigners to the country every week, it is true, but with these thousands the better class of Americans have nothing in common. The upper-class European seldom comes to America, and when he does come, the chances are, as has been shown, that he will be able to speak English better than any but a very few Americans would be able to reply to him in his native tongue.

And likewise, as matters now stand, when the American goes abroad and meets with a cultivated European the latter often, though not always, as might be inferred from recent panegyrics, is able to speak English satisfactorily; so well, at least, that the American does not regret his own shortcomings as he otherwise might. Furthermore, Americans travelling abroad usually travel with friends or relatives, and English is the language of the trip. Personally conducted parties are escorted by a guide who speaks English. The members of the party do not come into contact with the Europeans. They travel in reserved compartments on the trains, and are taken to hotels frequented by Americans. What opportunity have they, then, to practise whatever French or German they may know? None whatever, as long as they persist in their gregariousness; and Americans are evidently only human in this respect. Like most people, they do not enjoy travelling alone. It is a fact, nevertheless, that association with one's own countrymen abroad means a minimum of advance in any foreign tongue.

"Social and commercial seem to be the chief reasons for our indifference to foreign languages, but there is another reason why we are not ambitious to speak foreign languages well. As a people we do not, as yet, look upon our own language as a thing sacred. We are notorious for our slovenly speech. Indeed, an American wishing to teach English abroad would do well not to mention his origin. Our lack of interest in spoken English is unfortunate. Of course it is only lack of interest. Most of us know right from wrong, at least we say that we do, but have not the time to take pains. This attitude is an interesting one in that it is so different from that of the Germans, the French and even the English, who take such a keen pride in their language, that they would be ashamed not to speak it well. Good speech is with them a requisite in good society. It is in other words good form. Not so with us, though we are punctilious in some kinds of good form. We dress well, entertain handsomely at dinner, have automobiles, give box parties, etc., as if they were all that constituted good form. But our speech we neglect. In the United States, in spite of the agitation over the teaching of English in the schools, the matter of spoken English is sadly neglected. By many Americans a person who pronounces well, uses good language and is interested in discussing the niceties of speech is regarded as a prig and a bore. Bad English is heard in college classes, bad English which often is allowed to pass unchallenged, because a professor is embarrassed to correct a senior. School teachers and even college professors often treat their language as they would an outing suit and this without losing status in the communities in which they live. Nevertheless, a person who does not use his own language well, will never go very far in a foreign tongue."

To learn to speak French or German well one should go about it with as much concentration as he would expend on piano or singing lessons. Having mastered the syntax he should place himself for the perfection in pronunciation and tone production under some critical private teacher who would give him a thorough drill in the technique of the spoken language. Few persons probably realize that it is a far greater accomplishment to speak a foreign language than to sing in it. Some American singers, for example, who have achieved distinguished success in singing in German are said to be very mediocre in their pronunciation of the spoken tongue. The ability to speak a foreign language well is indeed an accomplishment, a fine art, but one that will never, like a brilliant performance at the piano or a beautifully rendered song, win the applause of the multitude. Whether this accomplishment is worth the sacrifice necessary for achieving it, must be left to the individual. His only reward must be the interior joy which can never be realized by the "underlanguaged."

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.
Barcelona: The Water Front, where much of the recent fighting occurred.
Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

A Great Churchman Dead.

Very silently a remarkable man has gone out of the world—one whom many of us can ill spare, writes Clifford Hilton in The Westminster Gazette of the late Father Tyrrell. There are plenty of strong men, but few whose strength is tempered by gentleness, sympathy, and understanding, whose speech and action are invariably in good taste. George Tyrrell was one of those few.

That he was strong who can doubt? His life was one of battle and progress—the constant struggle for truth, the fearless leaving behind of the old skin when he had outgrown it. Does anything in the world require more courage than that leaving behind of the old skin? To friends it is of a piece with their own living and very dear convictions, and to followers who depend on one, who perhaps learned their first lesson from one's lips. And it must be left at last; friends must be wounded, followers puzzled and dismayed.

Father Tyrrell was a man of genius, and genius means being in advance of one's age. He had to go on and on without rest, without counting the cost, because of the inward voice and because of the few—one born out of due time, a prophet.

But all through the progress and the changes he remembered that the many had not yet ears to hear; so he was moderate and patient and gentle. Several of his books he printed for private circulation only; he realized that they would be misunderstood by the many; it was not by his wish that they became public property. One of his most learned and subtle works is still unknown to the world. He would not work with pick-axe and shovel—he saw that to do that would be worse than useless; he worked with delicate instruments and with his own hands—hands which were full of nerves and could feel.

"There is great danger in precipitating things, and leaping forward to syntheses for which the times are not ready, and of which perhaps some of the essential elements are yet lacking," he wrote in one of his books. To Hilton privately he wrote: "According to our circumstances we must all work prudently and gradually towards better things, as God works."

He was little more than a boy when he became a Catholic; that means that he had to go through the mill of religious difficulties afterwards, since he was a man of intelligence—and every man of that kind has to go through that mill at some period of his life. He went through it and came out not without faith, but with a refined faith. "One would fain think," he wrote in 1906, "that one's present reasons for remaining in the Church were a development of one's reasons for entering it; but, frankly, in my own case, they are not; and those original reasons (those of popular controversy) I now regard as a tissue of ignorance and sophistry."

When he had fought through his earlier battles and had begun to publish his books, many who were troubled in conscience about the current theology of the Church wrote or went to him. Many were sent by other priests. "Go to Father Tyrrell" was the advice of the confessor unable to cope with the difficulties presented to him. He came to have a large following of people who were worth helping—people who depended on him for help and spiritual life.

The Factors of Genius.

GENIUS and the factors that produce it have been an endlessly fertile source of discussion ever since man woke up to the consciousness of this high gift. And now a German, Dr. Albert Reibmayr, has contributed a book on the subject, which has been very ably reviewed by Mr. Horelock Ellis in The Sociological Review. The reviewer gives an interesting synopsis of the main points.

For the author's purpose it is important to define talent and genius. Talent he regards as any degree of intellectual ability superior to the average, and genius as such superior ability combined with the aptitude of invention or creation. Talent, the author believes, is produced by prolonged in-breeding, genius by cross-breeding. It is necessary that the race shall be fairly pure and well protected from racial admixture. This is effected by an insular position (as in the case of England), and, still better, by peninsular position (as in the case of Greece and Italy), or by abundant water-courses (as in the case of Mesopotamia and the Netherlands). A mild climate is also required. It is, further, highly desirable that the population should be largely engaged in agriculture and maritime commerce. The first supplies the basis of stolid "root-characters," and the second vivacity and imagination.

The conditions which favor the production of talent also favor that of genius, for the seas or rivers which isolate a people are also eventually the means of introducing a foreign invading element, which, on account of the difficulties to be overcome, is likely to be fairly small and select. The crossing of two races, each already highly in-bred and capable of producing talent, is the prime condition for producing genius. It is necessary that both peoples shall be superior, otherwise the mixture will produce results below and not above the level of the higher race.

It is also necessary that there should be no extreme confusion of races of very various quality. That merely leads to "blood-chaos." Such blood-chaos is the cause why large cosmopolitan cities (like Rome), though they use up genius, do not produce it; it is also the main cause why so little genius has been provided in the United States. The best conditions are present when with a predominantly in-bred people, caste, or family, a moderate stream of fresh blood is furnished from a similarly in-bred source of a racially related character. Much importance is attached to the female line, especially as carrying on the aptitude of an old race which has been overwhelmed by the invasion of a new race. The main contention is, however, that in the breeding of the higher human variations—genius and talent— the same laws of breeding rule as in Nature generally.

It is amusing to note that Dr. Reibmayr has not escaped the weakness of the German anthropologist for finding in all the highest manifestations of genius outside Germany the concealed influence of German blood. It is true he is not prepared to go as far as Woltmann, who argued that all Italian genius is really German; Reibmayr admits that there are other elements, as, indeed, his theory requires. But he is strongly impressed by the resemblances between German genius and Greek genius, and thinks they can be accounted for by racial affinity. Refraining from any comment on the assumed similarity of Greek and German genius, one may be permitted to doubt whether anyone outside Germany has ever been struck by the resemblance of the Prussian to the voluble, vivacious, gesticulating Greek, as Cicero describes him.

The seaport town of Great Yarmouth, in England, contains what is said to be the narrowest street in the world. It is known as Kitty Witches Row, and its greatest width is fifty-six inches. Its entrance would seriously inconvenience a stout person trying to pass through it. Twenty-nine inches from wall to wall is all the room that can be spared in this part. Yarmouth is a quaint old town, containing many streets like Kitty Witches Row. They are all called "rows," and are more picturesque than convenient. A hundred and forty-seven of these narrow streets, of a length of over seven miles in all, are to be found in the town.

George Broadhurst, the playwright, was an expert accountant before he began writing plays.

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.
Barcelona: The celebrated Promenade, "La Rambla," which was the centre of the rioting.
Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

An American Bullfighter

NOWADAYS, when complaints are being generally made in Spain that the great and romantic old sport of bull-fighting has fallen upon evil and degenerate times, the success of the American matador, Harper B. Lee, is all the more remarkable. His recent first appearance in the arena at the Mexican capital was a triumph, such as was never before witnessed there. Never did a bullfighter receive a greater ovation, says the New York Sun, than did Lee on the completion of the day's sport. Carried on the shoulders of the riotous and exultant crowd, he was taken from the centre of 'El Toreo" ring to his carriage awaiting on the outside.

The success of the American bullfighter means the invasion by Saxon blood of the Latin sport. At least, that is the view taken by the Spanish editor of a Mexican paper. This writer compared the toreros of his country unfavorably with those capable of being produced by the cool blood of the Saxons. He declared that when the Saxons entered bullfighting in real earnest, the glory of the Spanish bullfighter would be eclipsed.

Lee has been in Mexico so long that his command of Spanish is perfect. He speaks it perfectly and makes his bow before the president of the day in the bullring with all the flourish of the dandy.

His parents are now living in Guadalajara. In that town he learned bullfighting by participating in amateur corridas. His extreme indifference to danger signalled him out as a most promising torero. So great a popularity did he obtain that no one of the big amateur events in the city of Guadalajara, to raise money for the earthquake sufferers of Sicily, Gov. Ahumada of the State made a special request that the "Americano" be asked to take part. To this Lee acquiesced.

After the amateur bullfight Lee's fame went up with a bound. He was taken in charge by an old Spanish torero and taught all of the little inside tricks of the game. The aptitude with which the man applied himself to the teachings were undoubtedly responsible for the great success that he earned. This was yet to be demonstrated to the amazement of a critical Mexican and Spanish audience in the capital.

After ending his training he began his professional career by signing with a number of small bullrings in the towns in the States to the north of the capital. His success in these cities soon became known in Mexico. Regular reports of his feats in the bullrings of Guadalajara, Aguascalientes, Chihuahua and Torreon were printed in the bullfighting section of the Mexican papers.

At Torreon he was caught by a bull and tossed into the air. He fell on his head, getting a wrenched neck and a deep wound in his thigh. He was forced to suspend fighting for a time. The Mexican press then began to take more notice of the American, especially as the regular bullfight season had passed in the capital. All of the good fighters leave with the season for Spain, where they fight until August, when they return to the American season.

The management of the El Toreo ring sent a man to follow the American around and watch his work. So favorable was this report that Lee was approached by the management with an offer to appear for two consecutive Sundays at $1,500 for each appearance. To this Lee consented.

Lee came to Mexico and began training in the way he had done on former occasions. This was a great surprise to the "afficionados," which might be translated "fans," who read in the Mexican papers of the training camp and sneered at the Americano's idea.

The great fiasco of Pickett, the "Demon from Oklahoma," who, backed by a wealthy American circus man contracted to wrestle with a fighting bull and throw the animal in twenty minutes, was recalled by both Americans and Mexicans.

Pickett was a negro who threw a circus steer twice a day at the performances by getting a grip on the steer's upper lip with his teeth and then forcing the steer over backward. He attempted to do this with a beautiful Spanish bull in the ring, but made a failure of it and nearly lost his life. The prospect of another American coming into the disfavor of the rabble of the bullring kept many American residents of Mexico from attending the fight in June when Lee was to make his debut.

On the day of the fight Lee began dressing three hours before the contest. Everything in the bullfighting game is done under the strictest rules and regulations. The silk knee breeches can only fall to far on the knee. The hat must be worn in just one way. The bow on the hat must be tied according to the prescribed rules and the "culeta" (little pigtail) must be carefullly braided and tied with a proper colored ribbon.

All of this work was done for the American by Mexican and Spanish helpers. Lee had spent so great a time with the Mexicans that he had contracted many of their manners, and a complete circle of Mexican friends. These crowded about the entrance of the room and wished the American boy luck.

The El Toreo ring was crowded to the roofs that covered the topmast gallery. A crowd of 25,000 persons were in their places promptly at 3.30 o'clock, when the afternoon sport was scheduled to begin. This ring is a steel and concrete structure, occupying an entire block. The sides slope downward to the centre like a great amphitheatre. The cement steps that answer the purpose of seats extend the entire circumference of the ring.

The bugler at the side of the president of the day blew a shrill short blast that is known all over the bullfighting world. Instantly cheering began, and then amid the playing of "El Toreador" from "Carmen," the parade of the bull-fighters of the day began.

The three matadors always lead the procession. The matador is the man that does the killing, and is the only bullfighter who excites more than passing applause. Lee, the central figure of the three, was eyed keenly by the mutitude. This was the first chance that the capital afficionados had had to look at the American.

Lee's magnificent carriage as he towered over the two other matadors by a head, and his defiant manner commanded respect. His look and air seemed to say more effectively than words that he had something to deliver. The crowd, awaiting eagerly for the slightest excuse to rail, hushed and watched "that American."

The bulls to be fought were the famous Miura stock, noted on both sides of the Atlantic as the best fighters. The first bull fell to one of the Mexican matadors. In accordance with custom this man's "cuadrilla" (set of helpers) were the only ones taking part in the fighting of this bull. The second bull fell to the Spanish matador. Aided by his "caudrilla" this animal was despatched.

Through all this fighting Lee had kept strictly out of the game. This piqued the curiosity of the afficionados more than ever. Usually the matadors deeming themselves privileged characters, will perform a few exploits with another matador's bull for the purpose of eliciting applause for pretty plays. Lee's reserve in this practice won him the admiration of the crowd.

A bugle call and into the ring charged a beautiful black bull, his head held a little low, the true Miura type. He looked about for a moment, and then charged the nearest horse.

With head low he drove his horns into the horse's side, raising the poor beast and the picador who rode him into the air—the two falling in a heap to one side. Now was Lee's time. The rule of the ring is that the matador must be on hand to make the "quita," that is, draw the bull away from the prostrate picador.

With a fine display of courage the American boy advanced to within a few feet of the crazed brute. Fluttering the fiery red cape into the bull's very eyes he stepped to one side, escaping as the bull charged. Drawing the animal out into the open, and ordering with a flourish of the hand that all his cuadrilla keep off as far as fighting then was concerned, Lee performed some hair raising stunts.

Seldom has the ring witnessed such an extraordinary demonstration. "El Americano" and "Gringo" were mixed up in a babble of voices from the great crowd. In the centre of the ring Lee, working almost above the animal's horns, was passing the bull's charges again and again. The cape work was nothing short of marvellous. His escapes from the horns of the bull as the animal plunged by were close and remarkable.

In an intoxication of enthusiasm, cries from the Mexicans of "Es otro Montes" (He is another Montes) fairly deafened one. The excitement at the ringside was intense. Standing and gesticulating wildly the afficionados formed a curious spectacle to the average American tourist unable to appreciate as these men do pretty and clever work.

"Look! Look!" cried hundreds, and behold the American was doing the trick of the great Montes himself. On one knee but twenty feet in front of the bull Lee, by shaking his muleta, drew the animal's desperate charge directly on him. By a dexterous move of his cape at the right time, before the animal closed his eyes, he led him charging by his side, brushing against his knee as he thundered by. This was the great play of the day.

Lee had captured the crowd body and soul. Hats, canes and money were thrown into the ring. In a fervor of excitement Mexican vied with Mexican to explain in their limited English to the nearest American that "their countryman was truly great."

The great surprise was yet to come. When the time for the placing of the banderillas came, and after Lee had received the two regulation long ones, deliberately before the multitude he threw them from him, signifying that he wanted the small ones. The excitement among the spectators at this unexpected move reached a fever point. For any person other than a star fighter to attempt to accomplish this difficult feat was the rashness that led to the grave in the opinion of the Mexicans. The little banderillas were brought. These have to be placed on the bull when the animal is charging. Usually the banderillas placed are long ones that permit the man to set them in from a little distance and leap out of the way of the bull's charge. To place the little ones means that the man remains in the path of the bull until the last second.

Lee took the short darts and went out into the centre of the ring. With even more of the spirit of recklessness than the average bullfighter the American repeatedly turned his back to the bull.

When in the proper place he advanced to the bull. The animal never took his eyes off the American. Lee stood motionless, and then by sudden movements of his arms he drew the bull to him, charging straight and furious. Scarcely moving, the American awaited the bull. With a quick feint to the right, as if drawing the bull that way, he regained his balance and went to the left a step, at the same time inserting the darts exactly on the spot prescribed by the rules. The storm of applause that greeted the American was never extended for the greatest public pet that ever appeared in that ring.

Putting in two more pairs of banderillas in the same dazzling fashion, the American took the sword from the hands of the president and with a fiery red muleta in one hand dedicated the bull to the "ladies in mantillas."

He then went forth to prepare the bull for death. This demanded dexterous work on the part of the matador. The muleta is small. The matador must approach close to the animal, then pretty well exhausted. Lee set a precedent in this respect. Fighting close to the bull's horns, he passed the animal again and again on two yard charges, the spectators applauding vociferously the while.

The killing thrust can never be given unless the animal's forelegs are spread apart slightly. To do it otherwise is to bring upon one the immediate disfavor of the fickle crowd. The thrust has to be sent in at the joining of his shoulders. It must go downward into the heart—not the lungs. The space where the rules prescribe that the sword must enter is about as large as an orange; to miss this is to be jeered by the crowd.

Waiting for the animal's feet to get in position, Lee took the position "to kill" and drew the bull's charge. Just as the animal's head lowered to lift the American on his horns this individual drove the sword into the right spot and stepped to one side. The bull dropped dead instantly.

With thousands of wildly excited Mexicans striving to get near him and embrace him, Lee was carried from the great enclosure on the shoulders of the shouting crowd.

The Interior of an English Submarine—a very unusual photograph.

All up-to-date photographers use a **REFLEX** Camera. The immense advantages of the Reflex over non-reflex cameras are acknowledged; as also is the superiority over other Reflex Cameras of the

SOHO REFLEX CAMERA

SOHO REFLEXES stand first. They are British made, first rate in quality, sound in construction, simple in working. With a SOHO REFLEX you are equipped for all classes of work, from an "interior" to the fastest moving object. And you get the picture you want every time, because you can see exactly what you are taking up to the moment of exposure.

TAKEN WITH A "SOHO" REFLEX CAMERA.

SOHO REFLEXES are made in five sizes, and can be used with plates, cut films or film packs. Any make of lens can be fitted, or we can fit your own lens. Prices range from $50 upwards, according to size and lens selected.

Our illustrated 20 pp. Booklet, telling you all about the Soho Reflex Camera, will be sent post free on request of all the leading Photographic Stores or of the office of this paper, or direct from

MARION & CO., LTD., SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Ideal Blend,

Dewar's Whisky and Common Sense

105

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL

Niagara-on-the-Lake

Now Open for the Season

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT Week of August 23rd.

The golf links are in perfect order. Fine roads, garage and all accessories. Bathing, boating and black bass fishing. Casino and New Country Club.

ONLY DISTILLED WATER USED.

For rates and booklet apply—

WINNETT AND THOMPSON

Royal Muskoka

HOTEL, Lake Rosseau—June to September—all the comforts of the modern city hotel—miles of lake and islands visible from piazza and bedroom—only a few hours from Toronto and six trains daily—Golf and Tennis—Telegraph and Telephone. L. W. Mazson, Manager, Box 35, Royal Muskoka P.O., Ontario.

Muskoka Lakes

IF

going to Atlantic City, N.J., write for "Visitor's Guide"—sent free—No. 4 S. New York Ave., Atlantic City, N.J.

Position Unrivalled in LONDON.

LANGHAM HOTEL

Portland Place at Regent's St. W.

FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER

In Fashionable and Healthy Locality

Reduced Inclusive Terms during August and September

DELPHI INN, FIELD'S, ONT.

Georgian Bay. Safe bathing, sandy beach, beautiful groves, fine table and surroundings.

Apply Delphi Inn, Camperdown P.O., Ont.

HOTEL BRANT

BURLINGTON

Canada's Leading Central Resort. one hour by train, two hours by boat from Toronto. Garage in connection for Automobilists. High-class Bungalows with sanitary plumbing for rent.

Apply

HOTEL BRANT, BURLINGTON.

ALBERT CHEVALIER, the comedian, tells of an amusing conversation he overheard in the old Lyceum Theatre. He was sitting in the stalls, enjoying one of Sir Henry Irving's famous scenes, when he became conscious of an unusual amount of whispering proceeding from his left. The interrupters were two stylishly-dressed young ladies. "Quite too nice, isn't he?" said one, referring to Sir Henry. "Oh, quite more than too nice!" answered her companion. "Only, doesn't it strike you—a little weakness in the knees?" "Weakness!" retorted her friend. "My dear girl, that's his pathos."

THE Town Council of the town of B—— some time ago held a big banquet. One of the councillors, noted for his ready wit, came arrayed in a tartan waistcoat. He was subjected to a great number of curious looks none of which, however, affected him in the least. At length one of his brother councillors, unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, remarked:

"I say, Mr. G——, what possessed you to come in a tartan waistcoat?"

"Well," came the answer from Mr. G——, "I'm not like some of you. Always when I dine I like to keep a check on my stomach."

"They say that Stevenson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line."

"That's nothing. I know a man who has been working the last six years on one sentence."

A Shining Star in Collardom

FAMOUS CASTLE BRAND

3 for Fifty Cents

2 for 25c. in Elk Brand. Ask for "MOHAWK"

Berlin, Ont. 107

The Perfect "L & M" AUTO AND CARRIAGE WASHER

Price $3.00 Delivered. Extra Top 60c Del'd

Patent App. for. Agents Wanted.

This washer is a great improvement over other makes. The hose connection is nickeled brass. The removable mop-sponge top will outlast six sponges. Will not slide sideways between spokes or under fenders. Indispensable for Garages, Livery, Laundries or private owners. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfactory.

LONG & MANN CO., MFRS., Rochester, N.Y.

Geo. B. Frost, Canadian Distributor, Smith's Falls, Ont. Member Ontario Motor League.

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR

High Grade

Guaranteed Chemically Pure

SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS

Same Price as the poor Adulterated Kinds

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD. Toronto, Ont.

Is that the pleasure of the house?

IT'S A VOTE

It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.

THE CROWN COAL CO.

LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: 97 KING ST WEST

Phones: Main 6053 and 6054.

COMBINATION TOURIST TICKET EMBRACING "ALL THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO."

For the convenience of "Tourists" passing through Toronto, the Grand Trunk will issue booktickets at Toronto City Office, (C. E. Horning, Agent, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets) which will embrace the trip through the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Penetang to Parry Sound, the Muskoka Lakes, Port Cockburn (Lake Joseph) or Rosseau (Lake Rosseau) to Muskoka Wharf, the Lake of Bays (Huntsville to Dorset including "Wawa" Hotel), the Temagami Lakes, Temagami to Bear Island and Lady Evelyn Hotel, and also side trip to Cobalt, the great silver mining camp, and return can be made to Ottawa and Montreal via the Algonquin Park.

You will be pleased and amazed with the charming resorts if you place yourself in hands of Grand Trunk System.

LACROSSE seems to furnish more regrettable happenings on the field than any other sport. Almost every week the newspapers contain accounts of inexcusable rowdyism; and it is only the other day that right here in Toronto was witnessed one of the most brutal and cowardly assaults that ever occurred on an athletic field. A Tecumseh player, of the name of "Mickey" Ions, who had been accidently struck on the head by the ball thrown by a Toronto player, took advantage of the other man's bending down to tie his shoe to run at him and inflict a heavy kick on the side of his face which disabled him for the rest of the game. And then when ordered off the field by the umpire, he used abusive language and refused to go. While making every allowance for the natural annoyance of a man struck with a strongly thrown lacrosse ball, and of a man whose team was being very badly beaten, there is nothing to excuse such conduct as this. Ions, moreover, had already shown a very bad spirit in the game, having been penalized no less than five times.

ARGO JUNIOR EIGHT WINNING THEIR RACE AT ST. CATHARINES.

The general indignation at his conduct was so great that action on the part of the authorities was inevitable. The directors of the National Lacrosse Union have been asked by the umpire to suspend Ions, and he has also had to answer a charge in the Police Court. It is altogether regrettable that this latter proceeding should have been necessary, but the powers that be in lacrosse have been so lax in the past on this point of preserving order, and have shown such a disinclination to punish rowdy players, that such action on the part of the police has become necessary. And if the directors of the N.L.U. do not set higher standards in the ethics of the game, and exercise a more strict supervision over their players, the police will be forced to take still more severe action. There has been of late a marked tendency to rowdyism in the professional lacrosse leagues, and if these leagues are to continue to enjoy the favor and patronage of the public, they will certainly have to make a great improvement in this respect. And the only way of doing so is by severely punishing such men as Ions, or, better still, keeping them out of the game altogether.

* * *

COMMENTING upon A. W. Gore's play and the American service the Sportsman says:

"The men's singles, the blue ribbon of the game, is once more in the keeping of last year's winner, A. W. Gore. The result may be taken, as far as methods are concerned, as an old school triumph, just as the victory of Norman Brookes two years ago was a triumph for modern service methods. Gore is a baseline expert. He has a plain, old-fashioned service, which differs only from the generality of such services in the fact that he delivers it from the corners of the court, a simple looking expedient, but which adds a certain amount of difficulty to the correct playing of strokes up the lines. Further it is an attempt to place the other fellow to some extent, at least, out of position, which is the essence of tactics. Gore seldom volleys, and 75 per cent. of his ground strokes he takes on his forehand, which is a long sweeping drive. Too many players make the mistake of playing on to Gore's backhand or trying to. And when they get there it is not the weakly thing it is generally supposed to be. Whenever he can do so, however, Gore runs round the stroke. He takes it on his forehand and makes his best stroke in reply. Now, his best stroke is in this way, from his own backhand corner to that of his opponent. The latter is carried out of position by it, and in addition is obliged to take the ball backhanded, which is generally the side on which he likes it least. So instead of gaining he loses by the attempt to play on to Gore's backhand. It is far better to make his forehand well out your objective, since his reply, which will be no stronger than the other one, comes to you on the side which suits you best. It does not always pay to devote too much attention to an opponent's weakness; it is often enough better to manœuvre to suit your own strength. The champion deserves every congratulation for his success in defending the championship against another capable baseliner, and especially for the plucky manner in which it was achieved.

"Good base line play will in practice always beat volleying unless these two conditions are fulfilled despite two years ago. His service was the foundation of his game and of his success, although it was the backing of clever volleying that he gave it which won the points for him. Now, in English lawn tennis the cry has gone up for some time that we have no players coming on, but the stagnation was one of methods, in my opinion, rather than one of active skill. The tendency seems to be, if you look round now, for a development of the American service vogue (I say vogue because I mean to include in it both the service and the subsequent hustling volleying), and those young players who shape like coming to the front are precisely those who are developing these methods. Such rapid development as characterized the meteoric rise of Brookes we must not expect, but give them time, and some of the young players that one could mention will surely ride to success upon these modern service methods."

* * *

LORD'S cricket ground does not derive its name from any connection with the Peerage, though it includes heaps of Peers on its list of members, and an Earl of Winchilsea was one of the original founders of the club. It obtained its name from Tom Lord, a well-known bowler, who was the original ground-man, and managed the business of the club. He got the lease of the Dorset-square ground from the Duke of Dorset, and so, though the club was the "Marylebone Cricket Club" from the first, the ground was known as "Lord's Ground," and in process of time it became abbreviated to "Lords."

In the same way old Prince's Racquet, Cricket, and Skating Club (on the site of Cadogan square and Lennox gardens), from which the modern Prince's Racquet and Prince's Skating Clubs derive their name, was called "Prince's" because it was originally started by a man named Prince, and was not named after the Prince of Wales, as many people supposed—and suppose. Lord's, in short, is not necessarily associated with the bluest blood. Little more is required from the members than that they should find a proposer and seconder, should not have anything flagrant "against" them, and can pay the entrance fee and subscription.

WINNERS OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: THE BELGIAN EIGHT ON THE COURSE.

* * *

THE King—as Prince of Wales—played cricket as a young man. When he was at Christ Church, Oxford, he was a member of the famous Bullingdon Cricket Club, and wore its blue and white ribbon. On July 6, 1860, he took two Christ Church teams over to Windsor Castle, and they played a match on the old Royal cricket-ground in the Home Park. The Prince captained one side, and they won the match. The taste for cricket, however, departed as he grew older. The present Prince of Wales has no enthusiasm for cricket, and though he owns Kennington Oval, has never been to see a match there. PLAYFAIR.

I HAVE a boy in my school of whom I am very fond," said a teacher, smilingly; "but I tremble to think what his future may be."

"Indeed! Does he evince—er—criminal tendencies?" some grave person, who had missed the smile, inquired.

"Well, I am afraid he may become a writer for funny papers," the teacher suggested, tentatively. "You see, I was having a history review the other day, and I asked this boy who was Peter the Great? He answered, 'A Tsar of Russia!'

"'And was there more than one Peter the Great?' I asked.

"He appeared to ponder for a moment, and then replied:

"'No, miss! That was a case in which history didn't re-Pete itself!'"

THE DETROIT EIGHT WHICH WON THE SENIOR RACE AT ST. CATHARINES.

It is in the blending of the tobacco grown on the hillsides of the Cavalla district in Turkey, used in MURAD Turkish Cigarettes, which gives them their uniform full, rich, mild, delicate flavor.

Anargyros

New England Excursions

August 20 and September 22

West Shore R. R.—Boston and Maine R. R.

All rail via Niagara Falls or Buffalo		Niagara Navigation Co. Steamer via Lewiston
$15.25	Boston	$13.00
15.25	Fitchburg	13.00
15.25	Ayer	13.00
14.95	Gardner	13.00
14.10	Greenfield	12.20

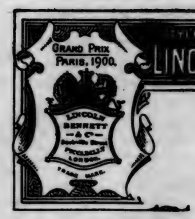
August 10 and 26, September 14

New York Central—Boston and Albany R. R.

$15.25	Boston	$13.00
15.25	South Framingham	13.00
15.25	Worcester	13.00
14.75	Palmer	12.85
14.45	Springfield	12.55

Tickets good going only on date of sale. Return limit, fifteen days.

For particulars call at City Ticket Office, 80 Yonge Street, or at ticket offices of the Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk R.R., or at Niagara Navigation Company.



STYLE - QUALITY - DISTINCTION

LINCOLN, BENNETT & Co. Ltd.

By Appointment to H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND ROYAL FAMILY.

There's "character," style and high quality in every hat we make. It will pay you to look for the "Lincoln & Bennett" label.

Manufacturers of Silk, Felt and Straw Hats, and Tweed Caps.

"Tronco" Port

BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY

TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN

(Established 1692)

AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

OF all the famous men whose centenaries mark the present year, none, with the exception of Lincoln, has been celebrated with the same ardent and widespread devotion as the Russian, Nikolay Vassilyevich Gogol, says Current Literature. The hundredth anniversary of Gogol's birth was the signal for a general festival in his native country lasting three days. Every city of any account had a celebration of its own besides. For weeks the Russian press was filled with matter about Gogol, and the speeches on Gogol, so the Moscow correspondent of the Riech says, formed the chief topic of conversation. Indeed, it completely eclipsed public interest in the ministerial crisis which happened to take place at the same time.

The manner in which Europe, as a whole, responded to the Gogol celebration is significant of the high position Russian literature has come to occupy, and the growing knowledge of it abroad. About thirty years ago a similar festival was held in Moscow in honor of Pushkin, but the outside world took no cognizance of it. On this occasion representatives from nearly every country in Europe came to do honor to the Russian genius.

Gogol was the first Russian realistic novelist and dramatist. His position in Russian literature is unique. He is not only a great satirist—Russia has many satirists—but his works also display a lively sense of pure humor, which is an extremely rare quality in Russian authors. In his masterpieces, such as the novel "Dead Souls" and the comedy "Revizor," he is unsparing in his exposition of Russian officialdom and Russian society. But in some of his smaller stories such as "The Nose" and "The Diary of a Madman," he is a fun-maker pure and simple, with no more objective than our Mark Twain. His famous story, "The Cloak," however, combines all the characteristics of later Russian literature—grim humor, with a deep sense of pity for the lowly and oppressed, and a scrupulous realism. These are the qualities in Gogol, which exerted the greatest influence on later Russian writers — Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Goncharov and Grigorovich. "We are all deseended from Gogol's cloak," said Turgenev.

"It is not humor," according to a critic in the St. Petersburg Zeitung, "that the Russian authors have learned from Gogol. Upon some of them, Turgenev, for example, this humorous element in Gogol exerted even an injurious influence. It is his strong realism that proved the best teacher of later Russian writers. For this is Gogol's peculiarity: he exaggerates and caricatures, yet his characters are real through and through, because the author has not merely tacked on certain funny features to them, after the fashion of some of our modern humorists, but the comic elements issue from their innermost being, from their profoundest depths. The whole of old Russia, not merely individual characters, live in Gogol's works. 'Dead Souls' takes its title from the adventures of one who travels all over Russia in pursuance of a scheme of becoming an estate-holder by purchasing the dead serfs ('souls' of the dead), who are officially counted as living until the next census. This remarkable novel embraces types from every walk of Russian life. Gogol reproduced, so to speak, the collective physiognomy of Russian society. He is the first great master of mass and class psychology in his country. He achieved what Pushkin and Griboyedove only attempted. He exaggerates, but does not distort, so that his writings are never grotesque or uncanny. Gogol's laugh is quite unique. Sometimes it has all the bitterness and despair of Swift, sometimes it is as harmless and good-natured as Fritz Reuter's; but it cannot be compared to either the one or the other. Gogol comes nearest to the greatest idealist among the satirists, Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote.' He himself calls Laughter the only honorable and noble personage among the numerous low, comic and trivial types of his creations."

The production of Gogol's comedy, the "Revizor," in 1841 is a memorable event in the history of the Russian drama. The sensation it created in Russia was similar to the stir aroused in France in 1830 by Hugo's "Hernani." It is so caustic, true, and clever a satire on the venality and stupidity of the Russian functionaries that it was only because of the favor it found with Nicholas I. that it was finally permitted to be put on the boards under the Czar's own aegis. Turgenev calls Gogol's comedy "the most terrible satire ever produced on the stage." It created a storm of resentment in official circles, from which Gogol suffered exceedingly. The attacks upon him helped to accentuate the melancholy to which he was predisposed from early youth, and which drove him finally into a state of fanatical mysticism. He never recovered. In his change of mood he renounced his former liberal views and burnt as pernicious the manuscript of the last part of "Dead Souls."

A rough draft of it found after his death was put into shape and published by his friends, but it is weak

THE LATE GENERAL DE GALLIFFET. The D'Artagnan of the French Army.

and ineffective, and clearly reflects his dwindling intellectual powers. Gogol died in Russia, after a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1848.

George Brandes, who was prevented from attending the centenary celebrations in person, sent a letter containing the following glowing appreciation: "In the works of Gogol Russia has outstripped the rest of Europe. It is only in Ibsen's dramas that Europe has attained to the heights of Gogol. Gogol is a genius. At the time when he wrote he did not know he was creating immortal things. Not all can understand Gogol. It is only such men as your great literary critic Belinsky who can understand him. Let the intellectuals of all nations bring laurel wreaths to lay on his monument."

* * *

THAT great fame does not always mean fortune for a literary man is clear from a very interesting interview with Georg Brandes, the great Danish critic, published in The St. Louis Mirror by Mr. G. S. Viereck. Brandes is unquestionably the greatest of living critics, and also one of the greatest of all time, standing with Sainte-Beuve and Taine in the great trio of modern criticism. His works have been translated into every language of culture, and he has set standards of criticism for all nations. In English his great work on Shakespeare is especially well known. And yet this man states that few buy his books, and that his royalties are pitifully small.

"I am famous," he said, "but that is of no avail if nobody reads me. My publishers never sell more than forty copies of my books."

Mr. Viereck goes on to tell the story as follows:—

"'Impossible!' I cried. 'They must cheat you.'

"'No. I have many publishers, and they can't all be crooked. Why, of the British edition of my memoirs only two copies were actually sold!'

"'I am sure,' I said, 'that one was bought by James Huneker.'

"'They haven't even issued the second volume. And I don't ask them. I am too proud.'

"'How could you have made your reputation, if the sales of your books are so circumscribed?'

"'I am sure I don't know. Some time ago I was lionized in France. I was dragged from banquet to banquet. Countless tributes were paid to my genius. And yet I knew that none of the people who said sweet things to me had read my books. Only one of my books had been issued in French at that time.'

"'But they read your essays in magazines. I have heard it said that they pay you fabulous prices.'

"A sad smile flickered across the Jovian visage. 'When the twentieth century was about to be ushered in, a prosperous German newspaper wrote to me that they had planned to publish a full-page review of the nineteenth century by a poet, a philosopher, and a scholar, and that I was their man because I combined in my person the qualities of the three. I don't care to write for newspapers. It detracts from my vitality and distracts me from my real pursuits. But as the chance for such an article occurs only once in a hundred years, and I didn't expect to live through another century, I agreed to undertake the task for a remuneration of 500 crowns ($125). They replied regretting that they had written to me, and that in view of my unreasonable demands they would be compelled to enlist the service of less expensive pens.'

"'But surely American magazines pay you well?'

"'They write to me occasionally for contributions and ask me to name my own price. I don't care to do that sort of thing for less than 500 crowns. And they usually send me one-half of what I demand.'

"'That is almost incredible.'

"'I am old. The public is used to my name. They want new people. Younger writers. And I don't blame them.'

"I wonder if Homer or Goethe would have observed with such colossal indifference the rising of new suns on the literary horizon. And if the yellow press would have put them on half-pay.

"'Why,' Brandes continued, and his eyes swept across an immense row of books reaching from one end of the room to the other, 'all my books published in the English language earn for me less than $50 per annum.'

"Fifty dollars! Was such the interest paid by us on the greatest outlay of intellectual capital the world has known since the days of Voltaire!

"'But,' I questioned, 'how about the series of contemporary men of letters published under your editorship in the United States, in Germany, and in England?'

"'I have resigned the editorship. Subsequently, the publisher offered me 100 marks ($25) for the use of my name.'

"And Theodore Roosevelt is paid $1 a word!

"'And then,' Brandes added, pointing contemptuously to a booklet in English, 'this is merely one chapter from one of my books. I suspect it is too expensive to reprint them entirely in the English language. I write only in Danish. As a young man, I used to write German and English, but I can't bother to re-write my books several times. I must devote myself to my studies.'"

There was something inspiring as well as pathetic, observes Mr. Viereck, in the figure of this world-renowned writer who faithfully worked night and day to embody his visions for the forty people who buy his books! "Swinburne said with delightful irony that he worked for antiquity. Georg Brandes cares likewise not a whit for the present and not a whit for the future." He said:

"'All great men have been in conflict with their age. A great man's life is one continuous battle against mediocrity, which he outshines and which strives to obscure him. When Shakespeare left London not a single banquet was given in his honor. When he buried himself in Stratford, mediocrity triumphed. But now the laugh is on them. A great man expresses merely himself, although it has been said of Voltaire that he was not a man, but an epoch. I don't believe in nationalism. I don't believe in nations. The Germans and the Americans are perfectly mad in their racial pride. And we Danes call ourselves the people of God's heart! There are only individuals. Nothing else. No progress. Nothing. What we call progress being merely the progressive idiocy of the world.'"

* * *

MR. G. K. Chesterton discusses "The Moral Philosophy of Meredith" in The Contemporary Review.

"Woman," he says, "always appears in Meredith as a goddess in this strict and special sense—that she appears as something which is akin in some way to the essence of the universe. She is above reason rather than below it; and her caprice is not like the caprice of weakness, but rather like the caprice of omnipotence. His celebrated sentence 'Women will be the last thing civilised by man' has been much quoted—far too much, because it does not really do justice to his position. It is not Meredithian, because it is neither pessimist nor optimist. It is almost insolently masculine to suppose that man must try to civilise woman, and it is revoltingly pessimistic to suppose that he will ever succeed. Still, the phrase contains a hint of his feeling about the mildness and mystery of the other sex, which were in a manner his religion.

"Since Christianity broke the heart of the world and mended it one cannot really be a Pagan; one can only be an anti-Christian. But, subject to this deeper difficulty, Meredith came much nearer to being a real Pagan than any of the other moderns for whom the term has been claimed. Swinburne was not a Pagan in the least; he was a pseudo-Parisian pessimist. Thomas Hardy is not a Pagan; he is a Nonconformist gone sour.

"No man in our time ever came quite so near to clean and well-poised Paganism as Meredith. He took the mystery of the universe lightly, and waited for the gods to show themselves in the forest.

"Yet he was a religious Pagan because he had that great and central sacramental idea which is the one thing which marks religion from all

A Cartoonist's Idea of "Bobs" speaking in the House of Lords.

imitations of religions or false definitions of it. It is the thing which is in all things that are religions—Brahminism, or Mormonism, or Catholicism, or Thuggee, or Devil-worship; but which is not in any of the things that merely pretend to be religions, such as Ethical Societies or Higher Thought Centres. This element can only be called the materialism of the true mystic."

* * *

"AND who is John Woolman, and what's his journal all about?" This is a question which is being asked nowadays by a number of people, who are bookish enough to be interested in Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf, but not bookish enough to know much about some of the authors named for it. In view of the interest thus attaching to the Quaker author, who counted among his enthusiastic admirers such men as Charles Lamb, Whittier, William Ellery Channing, and Henry Crabb Robinson, some few facts about his career may not come amiss. And in this respect one cannot do better than quote Mr. W. S. Archibald in a recent article in The Boston Transcript. Mr. Archibald says in part:—

"John Woolman was in trade a tailor, in religion a Quaker, and by his calling a preacher in the Society of Friends. He was born in Northampton, N.J., or 'West Jersey,' as he calls it in his journal, in 1720, just fourteen years after Ben Franklin was born, when George I. was king, when Pope was the great poet, and when the colonies were fighting French and Indians. His boyhood was quite the same as that of other Quaker boys in the colony of West Jersey; hard work on the farm or 'plantation.'

"It is evident from the 'Journal' that his boyhood gave promise of that religious genius which makes his book so noticeably a record of a pure spirit. Between his sixteenth and eighteenth years, he confesses quite a change in his life, recording that his life was wantonness and his ways were ways of wickedness. This experience was probably no more than a reaction, from which he recovered himself, and entered those habits of living and thinking which eventually led him to his spiritual distinction.

"When he was twenty-one he obtained permission from his father to embark on his own business ventures. He began as clerk to the storekeeper in Mount Holly, five miles from Northampton. Here he lived all his life, earning his livelihood as a tailor, preaching in the meeting and visiting the society in other colonies. Two episodes may be noticed now as significant of his attitude toward two great questions—slavery and simplicity. His employer, who owned a negro woman, asked Woolman to write out a bill of sale. He did so reluctantly and under protest. This was the beginning of an opposition which occupied his whole life. The second episode was the increase in his business. He had started a store in connection with his tailoring trade, and 'the way to a large business appeared open, but I felt a stop in my mind. Through the mercies of the Almighty I had in a good degree learned to be content with a plain way of living.' And he sold our his store and confined himself to his trade. It is perhaps not out of place to observe that his example is profitable to many now, if they only 'felt a stop in their mind.'

"When he was twenty-six he made his first religious visit to the Quakers in Virginia, Maryland and Carolina. This is significant, because for the first time he saw slavery on a large scale. 'Two things were remarkable to me in this journey; first in regard to my entertainment. When I ate, drank, and lodged free of cost with people who lived in ease on the hard labor of their slaves I felt uneasy; and as my mind was inward to the Lord, I found this uneasiness return upon me, at times, through the whole visit. Where the masters bore a good share of the burden, and lived frugally, so that their servants were well provided for, and their labor moderate, I felt more easy; but where they lived in a more costly way, and laid heavy burdens on their slaves, my exercise was often great, and I frequently had conversation in private concerning it. Secondly, this trade of importing slaves from their native country being much encouraged among them, and the white people and their children so generally living without much labor, was frequently the subject of my serious thoughts.' I saw in these Southern provinces so many vices and corruptions, increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequence will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me not once or twice, but as a matter fixt on my mind.' On his return from this journey he wrote down his observations on slavery, and published them in a pamphlet, which bears the imprint of Benjamin Franklin, 1754.

"In 1749 he married. What time he could spare from home and trade was now given to preaching, to active personal opposition to slavery, to journeys visiting Friends' meetings in New England, the South, and West Indies. His love for humanity led him on perilous journeys in the back settlements, and amongst the Indians. On May 1, 1772, 'having had drawings in his mind' as he would say, he set sail for England to visit the Friends there. It was characteristic that he sailed, not in the cabin, as invited, but in the steerage, in order to be with and help the 'poor sailors.' On June 8 he reached London. Everywhere in England he saw poverty and injustice, filth and crime, great contrasts with wealth and luxury, and he was oppresst with the wrong and wo. His last public labor was a testimony in the York meeting. He died October 7, 1772, from smallpox, and was buried in the Friends' burial-ground in York."

* * *

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has often been compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson, and it has been pointed out that there is even a physical likeness between the two men. It may be of interest to note that Mr. Chesterton impersonated Dr. Johnson in the church pageant held in England recently.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill) as playwright: The author of "His Borrowed Plumes" and members of the company.

* * *

ROSA Nouchette Carey, whose death last week in London was briefly noticed in the news dispatches, was in her day one of the most popular of the lighter novelists, not only in her own country, but in the United States, where her books were in large demand. She was born in London, the daughter of William Henry Carey, and was educated in the Ladies' Institute, St. John's Wood. Her career as a novelist began in 1868 and she immediately won success, but the work that brought her the largest fame was "Robert Ord's Atonement," which appeared in 1873. Nearly all her books were love stories, but blended with the plots were excellent descriptive passages, pictures of English life, especially in the country, and skillful character drawing. Apart from the novel mentioned her best-known books were "Nellie's Memories," "Queenie's Whim," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," "Wooed and Married," "Wee Wifie," "Heriot's Choice," "Not Like Other Girls," "Basil Lyndhurst," "Mrs. Romney," and "Only the Governess."

* * *

Robert Barr's next venture in the field of fiction will not be a short story, but a full length historical novel. The title will be "Cardillac" and the scene will be France.

* * *

The melancholy ending of John Davidson, the English poet who is supposed to have committed suicide a few months ago, gives a timeliness to the publication of his "Fleet Street and Other Poems" by Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

A Modern D'Artagnan.

GENERAL the Marquis de Galliffet, Prince de Martigues, whose recent death has recalled numberless anecdotes of his adventurous career, and led to much discussion as to the French type of hero, had certainly an incentive to romantic adventure in his name, which might easily have come out of (or got into) the novels of Dumas. He has been compared to D'Artagnan, and his was certainly a heroism of a somewhat swashbuckling kind. He fought in the Crimean War, and, later, in Mexico, where he was severely wounded at the siege of Puebla. At Sedan he led a succession of heroic charges, for the honour of the army, which were afterwards criticised as having involved a needless sacrifice of lives. He is, perhaps, chiefly remembered now for the pitiless severity with which, as commander of a brigade, he joined in suppressing the Communists after the war. He spent the evening of his days among his flowers and birds in his quiet home in the Rue Chateaubriand.

An experiment in buying a piano may be costly—more costly than one may care to admit. Behind the

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co., Limited)

stands a record of over fifty years—unblemished and unquestioned. No chances are taken here.

The powerful, yet sympathetic, tone of this piano has been the charm of the most cultured leaders in the home and the world's greatest artists during this long half-century.

PIANO SALON:
115-117 King St. W.
Toronto, Can.

12 & 14 Pembroke Street.
H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)
Musical Director.
College re-opens September 1st.
For new Calendar and Syllabus.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher, St. Margaret's College, Moulton College, Toronto.
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—23 "La Plaza," Charles Street.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone
Teacher of Singing. Vocal Director Ontario Ladies' College. Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East. Phone Main 4569.

THE MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Limited
193 Beverley Street
Full information on application
Fall Term begins Sept. 2, 1909.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
Solo Violinist
Studios for teaching—
Conservatory of Music.
168 Carlton Street.

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT
Director Vocal Department, Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression.
Residence: St. George Mansions.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio: 58 Beaconsfield.
Voices tested free.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Piano, Organ, Theory
Studios at Nordheimer's and Toronto College of Music.
Residence: 48 Hawthorne Avenue, Rosedale. Phone: North 2927.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
For Teachers and Children.
Mrs. C. Farmer, 750 Bathurst Street
Advanced Piano and Theory
E. J. Farmer, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Pupil of Schreck, Hofmann and Wendling, Leipsic. 750 Bathurst St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Phone, College 3791.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Voice Culture and Expression in Singing
During July and August: Tuesdays and Fridays.
Studio: 3 Carlton St.

ADA J. F. TWOHY
Mus. Bac.
Solo Pianist and Accompanist.
Member Piano Faculty, Toronto Conservatory of Music. Address, 57 College Street.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR
of Toronto
A. S. VOGT, Conductor
For all information regarding Concerts, membership in Chorus, etc., address T. A. Reed, Secretary, 319 Markham Street, Toronto.

H. ETHEL SHEPHERD
Soprano, Concert and Oratorio.
Pupil of Oscar Saenger, New York; Frank Sing Clarke, Paris; Jean de Reszke, Paris. Voice Instruction. Studio. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MARLEY R. SHERRIS
Concert Baritone
Soloist, First Church of Christ, Scientist
Studio: The Bell Piano Co., Yonge St.
Residence: 223 Cottingham Street.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Pianist
Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence: 30 Willcocks Street.

J. D. A. TRIPP
For Piano Instruction and Concerts
Apply Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANK CONVERSE SMITH
Violinist
Studio: Gerhard Heintzman, 97 Yonge Street.

DR. ALBERT HAM
Voice Production and Singing
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 561 Jarvis Street.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portrait Painter
Studio: 24 King Street West.

W. PRESTON MacHENRY'S
Vocal Studios:
Dominion Bank Building, south-east corner Spadina and College.
Send for information leaflet.

The Heart of a Piano is the Action
Insist on
"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action

MUSIC

THE arrival of Dr., then Mr., F. H. Torrington in 1879 was the last event in the musical history of Toronto noted in these columns. Dr. Torrington accepted the position of organist and director of the Metropolitan Church, and also the conductorship of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, which he retained until 1895. He also organized and developed the "Philharmonic" and the "Toronto" orchestras. Among the works brought out by him with orchestra and soloists were the "Messiah, Elijah, Israel in Egypt, Acis and Galatea, Judas Maccabeus, Mount of Olives, Last Judgment, Redemption," and many others.

Following Dr. Torrington's advent, the next important arrival was Dr., then Mr., Edward Fisher, who came in 1879 as organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Church. Dr. Fisher organized a society which at first was named the St. Andrew's Choral Society, but which afterwards branched out from its work in the lighter forms of choral music and became more particularly the Toronto Choral Society for the performance of oratorio, etc. Among the works performed were "Samson, Israel in Egypt, Messiah, Creation, St. Paul, Eli," and many other works. Owing to the growth of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, founded 1886, which organization has since been one of the greatest factors in the development of music in Canada, Dr. Fisher found it necessary to relinquish his work in the Toronto Choral Society, the conductorship of which afterward for several seasons was passed over to Signor D'Auria, a very talented member of the vocal faculty of the Conservatory. The best work of the Society, under Dr. Fisher, was undoubtedly done in a very fine performance of "Samson" and an exceptionally effective rendering of "Israel in Egypt."

Mention should be made of the first Toronto Musical Festival which was originated and conducted in 1886 by Dr. Torrington, when an adult chorus of 800, supplemented by a children's chorus, took part in a number of programmes of interest and merit.

The first serious effort in the line of choral singing of unaccompanied music was undertaken by the Toronto Vocal Society which organized in 1885 with Mr. W. E. Haslam as conductor. In 1890, owing to some discord between the conductor and the committee, Mr. Haslam withdrew, and the society continued under the direction of Mr. W. Edgar Buck, who was brought to Toronto from Ottawa for the purpose. Mr. Buck conducted for the seasons '90-1 and '91-2, and was succeeded by Mr. E. W. Schuch, who wielded the baton for the seasons of '92-3 and '93-4. The first concert was given in the Horticultural Gardens Pavilion in April, 1886, and two concerts a season were regularly given until the society was disbanded in 1894. Many important unaccompanied works were excellently rendered by this society, among them being "Bells of St. Michael's Tower; Judge Me, O God; Chimes of Oberwesel; By Babylon's Wave"; etc. Among the noted artists brought here by the society were: Md'lle Aus der Ohe, pianist; Mons. Ovide Musin, violinist; Victor Herbert, 'cellist; Nora Clench, violinist; Lilian Blauvelt, contralto; and many others. During the last season, under Mr. Schuch, Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm was sung with accompaniment of the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch. This was probably the first instance of an "imported" orchestra assisting a Toronto choral body.

The Toronto Vocal Society disbanded for the same reason that has forced so many choral bodies to separate, namely, financial difficulties; the last concert with the New York Symphony Orchestra having proved too expensive an undertaking. The successive Presidents of the society were Messrs. M. B. Jackson, J. K. Kerr, K.C., and Geo. Musson.

When Mr. Haslam withdrew from the Toronto Vocal Society in 1890 he formed the Haslam Vocal Society, which had a subsequent existence of some five or six years, but came to an end upon the departure from Toronto of Mr. Haslam, who had been a most successful singing teacher during his stay here.

In 1895, the Philharmonic Society under Dr. Torrington succumbed, owing to financial troubles, and the Toronto Philharmonic Society under Dr., then Mr., J. Humfrey Anger was called into existence after the opening of Massey Music Hall in a Festival under Dr. Torrington's baton, the chorus which then did duty being called the Toronto Festival Chorus. Associated with Dr. Torrington in this Festival were Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, whose "Wreck of the Hesperus" was performed, besides the "Messiah" and the "Hymn of Praise," under Dr. Torrington's direction, and a special concert of children under Mr. A. T. Cringan, who had come to the city in 1885.

A performance of Dr. Anger's "Song of Thanksgiving," in commemoration of the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, marked the existence of the Philharmonic under Dr. Anger. But this Society went the way of most Philharmonics before it, that is, it died of money trouble.

In 1894, occurred the opening of Massey Music Hall, one of the finest concert auditoriums on the continent, and in the same year Dr. A. S. Vogt called together a number of choral enthusiasts and organized the Mendelssohn Choir, which, with the exception of a period of three years (from 1897 to 1900) has been in existence ever since. This Society, above all others, has brought honor and fame to Toronto as a musical centre, and has carried the banner of Canadian musical effort into two of the most critical centres of the world, namely New York and Chicago. The memory of these triumphs is too fresh in the minds of most Torontonians to call for any extended reference here.

In 1893 Mr. J. D. A. Tripp organized the Toronto Male Chorus Club, which had a most successful existence for a period of 12 years, when Mr. Tripp felt compelled, owing to the growing importance of his concert work as a pianist and his teaching connection, to withdraw from conducting. Last season Mr. Tripp again took up work in connection with the University Glee Club, and it is hoped that he will develop this large body to a standard approaching that of the old Toronto Male Chorus Club. Mr. R. S. Gourlay, Mr. Hadyn Horsey and Mr. T. H. Litster were the successive Presidents.

During the Mackenzie Festival of 1903, the first of Dr. C. A. E. Harriss's paroxysms in behalf of the musical salvation of Canada, the excellent National Chorus under Dr. Albert Ham came into existence and has since been a most active factor in the musical life of Toronto. Its continued existence is to be traced to the excellent musicianship of Dr. Ham, rather than to any magical inspiration supposedly derived from the Festivals given under Sir Alexander Mackenzie's baton.

Mr. H. M. Fletcher's People's Choral Union, organized in 1902, his Elementary Chorus in 1903, and his Schubert Choir in 1905, have all been aggressive features in the musical life of this city up to the present time. Among works rendered are: "King Thamos, Phaudrig Crohoore, Roman Obsequies, 23rd Psalm (Schubert), Lorelli," etc.

The Toronto Oratorio Society was organized in 1903 as the Sherlock Vocal Society, the name being subsequently changed that it might more clearly designate the object of the organization. Mr. J. M. Sherlock is conductor, and under him have been given the "Creation, Seasons, Samson, Judas Maccabeus, and Joan of Arc (Gaul)." A valuable educative work is being accomplished by this Society.

In the line of orchestral work a number of attempts have been made to organize a permanent body of players; it remained, however, for Dr. Edward Fisher to make the first successful start in this direction in the formation in 1907 of the Toronto Conservatory of Music Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Frank Welsman as conductor. In 1908, after three concerts had been given with distinct success, the name was changed to the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. H. C. Cox was elected chairman of the committee composed of prominent citizens. Its subsequent success is too well known to need detailed mention here.

Reference might also be made to many individual musicians who have been before the public successfully for years, but space will not admit of doing justice to all. The Metropolitan School of Music, under Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the Conservatory String Orchestra, under Mrs. Adamson, the Toronto String Quartette, under Mr. F. E. Blachford, are all worthy of note.

Musicians who have come and gone, such as Harry Field now in Dresden, Rudolf Ruth, Heinrich Klingenfeld, Guiseppi Dinelli, Signor Delasco (deceased), Mons. Boucher, Mons. Boscovitz, Henry Lautz, deserve special mention. Other details might be gone into, but these must be reserved for some future occasion.

* * *

In a chat which I had last week with Mr. R. S. Pigott, who recently visited New York, he said: "I never realized the tremendous strain under which people who entertain the public live until I went back after seven years' absence and saw the final rehearsals for the rush opening of "The Gay Hussar," the operetta Henry W. Savage expects to rival the success of "The Merry Widow." Despite the sweltering heat everyone connected with the production, from manager to chorus people, was working day and night. The dress rehearsal lasted for hours, with everyone's nerves at the highest tension; and then, worn out by the hard work of preparation, they had to undergo the ordeal of a first night. I had been sent for to resume my contract with Mr. Savage, which had been interrupted by an accident several years ago—there being this season a dearth of singing-actors, most of them having been driven from the stage by the mis-named musical comedies, so that the demand, now that well-written operettas are coming back, is greater than the supply. Perhaps it was the heat and noise of New York that aggravated the feeling that came over me when I saw the tired, anxious, overwrought people at work or looking for work. It was bad enough in Mr. Savage's offices, where the utmost courtesy prevails; it is beyond description in other places. It brought back the first impression I got when I visited the Dore Gallery and saw the pictures of Dante's Inferno; and I refused the part offered me—it was the best I ever had—left notes of thanks and good-bye for my good friends, Mr. Frank C. Payne, chief of the Literary Dept.; and Mr. Madison Corey, chief of the Engagement Bureau, and came home. Aspirants for the stage should be told of the difficulties and disappointments to be met in seeking engagements, and the hardship's of an actor's life. No one knows the fascination better than I, and I enjoyed the work while I was in it, but it must be a matter of life and death before I'd go back.

* * *

I have been informed that Mr. John Carter, not Mr. Henry Carter, was organist of St. James' Cathedral in 1856. This corrects my statement in last week's issue.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

LILLIAN GIBBS, OF OTTAWA,
Known in the world of Music as Maria Ricardi.

MARIA RICARDI, who has just finished her course under Dr. Theo. Lierhammer in London, has returned to Ottawa, her old home. Miss Ricardi is the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles T. Gibbs, of Ottawa. Her last appearance in London was at Bechstein Hall on the 10th July, where she sang leading soprano at a concert of Dr. Lierhammer's pupils. In a polacca from Mignon her voice reached High F, winning great applause from a large audience.

The London Evening News has the following to say regarding the attainments of this young and gifted Canadian:—Regret will be felt in musical circles that Miss Maria Ricardi—whose recital at the Æolian Hall last June was so much appreciated—makes her farewell appearance in England at Dr. Theo. Lierhammer's pupils' concert at Bechstein Hall to-morrow. Miss Ricardi is a Canadian by birth, and the eldest daughter of Mr. Chas. T. Gibbs, of the Senate, Ottawa. She made her first professional appearance at the Bechstein Hall a year ago and at once distinguished herself. Since then she has appeared several times with marked success, notably in oratorios in the provinces. Dr. Lierhammer considered his pupil's voice was destined to be heard amongst the greatest artists of the world. It is a high lyric soprano, ranging over nearly three octaves.

* * *

W. Preston MacHenry's special class in voice-training for teachers and advanced students is scheduled for August ninth to twentieth, inclusive, and will not be repeated until August, 1910. This special class will be held in the MacHenry studios.

IT is always interesting to compare different forms of humor. Here is a specimen of Chinese satire from The Universal Gazette, a Chinese publication:—

"Lemonade.—A peasant comes to Shanghai to buy a bottle of lemonade. The shopkeeper gives it to him with the warning to open it carefully; otherwise the cork may fly out, and there may be an explosion. The peasant goes home and opens the bottle in fear and trembling. But nothing happens. The lemonade was flat.

"The allusion is to the appointment among the Ministry at Pekin of Yuan Shih-Kai and Chang Chi-tung, the leader of the Reform Party. The people quaked and trembled with mingled hopes and fears of reforms to come. But nothing has happened. There was no explosion, and things went on as before."

Many a man has paid a lawyer a guinea for poorer advice than his wife would willingly have given him for nothing.

Prospective purchaser (arrived from town to see the property as advertised some three weeks ago. He has not heard of the recent floods in this part of the country): "Look here, are you selling this property by the yard or by the pint?"

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., MUSICAL DIRECTOR.
RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 1st. YEAR BOOK (Season 1909-10) containing detailed information concerning all departments, Mailed on application.
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
SPECIAL CALENDAR F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.D., Principal.
Public Reading, Oratory, Physical Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
A RESIDENTIAL & DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS TORONTO
Boys prepared for the Universities, the Royal Military College, and Business.
Excellent Staff. Complete Equipment. New Buildings. Large Athletic Fields.
Careful oversight of Athletic and Physical Training, with the object of fitting the boy for the work of life. Separate Lower School. During the ten years of its history, the College has met with remarkable success in attendance and efficiency of class room and general work. Autumn Term commences September 13th, 1909.
Calendar Sent on Application REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Principal
1761

THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL
of Literature and Expression
North St., TORONTO
MRS. SCOTT RAFF, - Principal
English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation, and Dramatic Art.
School Re-opens Oct. 1
Write for Calendar.

WHAT SCHOOL?
This question should prompt every thoughtful parent to mail a postal request for the new Catalogue of the Central Business College of Toronto. Address W. H. SHAW, Principal, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

WESTBOURNE
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
340 Bloor Street W. - Toronto, Can.
Re-opens 13 September
A Residential and Day School, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director. F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the Principals.
MISS M. OUELLETTE, B.A.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
AUTUMN TERM
begins Tuesday, September 14th.
EXAMINATIONS for Entrance Scholarships Saturday, Sept. 18th.
COURSES for University, Royal Military College, and Business.
SENIOR and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment. 50 acres of ground, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, Rinks, etc.
H. W. AUDEN, M.A., (QUEENS'COLL. CAMB.) Principal
TORONTO.

"Glen Mawr"
651 SPADINA AVE. - TORONTO
Residential and Day School for Girls
Thorough in all its departments. Gives careful individual attention and good physical, mental and moral training. Offers great advantages in music, art and languages. Native French and German teachers.
Large staff of experienced residential and visiting professors and teachers.
Pupils are prepared for the universities, and for the music and singing examinations of Toronto University, the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the Toronto College of Music.
The School will reopen on Tuesday, Sept. 14th. For prospectus and full information apply to
MISS VEALS, Principal.

Jaeger Sweaters and Golfers

There is far greater satisfaction when you know that the garment you buy has a reputation for style and quality.

JAEGER Golfers and Sweaters are worn and valued wherever outdoor sports are engaged in.

Ladies' Knitted Golfers in white, grey, navy, crimson and various fancy mixed colors from $4.00.

Ladies' Knitted Norfolks in white, grey, crimson, from $5.00.

Ladies' Knitted Golf Coats in plain colors and two-tone effects, from $4.00.

Ladies' White Sweaters from $1.50.

And an equally good line of Men's Sweaters and Golf Coats.

Look for the JAEGER trade mark.

DR. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED
TRADE MARK
10 Adelaide St. W., TORONTO
316 St. Catherine St. W., MONTREAL
Steele Block, Portage Ave., WINNIPEG

COMFORT WITH STYLE
FOR CITY WEAR
Try one of our Fine Taffeta
"MILNER" SHIRTS
$2.50 Each
New Plain Shades and Stripes
CAN ADAPT FOR SPORTS
With Soft Collar to match 25c. Extra.
ALL "JAEGER" SPECIALTIES
WREYFORD & CO.
85 KING ST. W., TORONTO

Michie & Co., Ltd.
We Outfit Camping Parties
We furnish the Provisions, Tents, Utensils, Blankets, Maps, and General Camp Outfit.
We also assist in selecting a route and arranging the details of a trip.
Our little Campers' Manual on "How to Camp Out and What to Do," 10c.
Charts of Canoe Trips, from 50c each.
Michie & Co., Ltd.
7 King Street West
Phone Main 7591

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY
Will help you with your house cleaning
PHONE MAIN 1580
47 ELM STREET

ANECDOTAL

FRANK LOCKWOOD, the witty English lawyer, having been invited to stay for a couple of days at a friend's country house, decided to accept the invitation if his host were willing to extend his hospitality for an additional two days. He therefore telegraphed, "May I make it four days?" and the message was duly delivered to Mr. X., who, after paying six shillings for its delivery, replied: "Yes, of course, but don't telegraph." Toward evening the mounted telegraph messenger again appeared, and once more demanded a further six shillings for his services. The telegram, when opened, read as follows: "Why not? Lockwood."

* * *

GENERAL SIR O'MOORE CREAGH, V.C., the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief in India in succession to Lord Kitchener, is one of the best raconteurs the Army possesses; and he is usually the centre of amused friends at the Naval and Military Club while he recounts some of his amusing scenes and incidents he has witnessed at one time or another. Some years ago, he had for an orderly a man who seemed to find it quite impossible to understand an order intelligently; and some of his mistakes, though annoying at the time, had their distinctly humorous side. One day, however, even General Creagh's patience was exhausted. "Why, you noodle," he exclaimed, "I don't believe you know what W-O-M-A-N spells!" "Trouble, as a rule, sir," was the man's quiet retort; and the General now wonders whether the man was as stupid as he used to appear.

A DESERVING CASE.

Loafer—"Can yer spare us a a'penny, mate."

Working Man—"Wotcher want a a'penny for?"

Loafer—"Cos I got one, and I wants another for the price of 'arf a pint."

Working Man—"Ever done a day's work in yer life?"

Loafer—"No, Guv'nor, cawn't say as I 'ave."

Working Man—"Well, yer never done a pore bloke out of a job, anyway. 'Ere's yer a'penny."—Punch.

* * *

A MATRON of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics.

"May I see Mr.——?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house.

"No, you can't," answered the matron, decisively.

"But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl.

The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"

* * *

JUDGE GEORGE F. LAWTON, of the Probate Court, London, Eng., related a story the other day of an American minister who was spending his Sabbatical year travelling abroad. Arriving in London, he made every effort to get an intimate view of the two branches of Parliament in session. Of course, no stranger is allowed on the floor of the House of Lords, but the minister not knowing this, and with the usual amount of American push, tried to make his way in. There is a rule, however, that servants of the various lords may be admitted to speak to their masters. Seeing the minister walking boldly in, the doorkeeper asked:—

"What Lord do you serve?"

"What Lord?" repeated the astonished American. "The Lord Jehovah!"

For a moment the doorkeeper hesitated and then admitted him. Turning to an assistant standing near, he said:—

"He must mean one of those poor Scotch lairds."

* * *

A YOUNG stockbroker of convivial habits fell in with an old school friend who had gone on the road.

"Whenever you're in town come up and bunk with me," urged his friend as they separated. "No matter what time it is. If I'm not there, just go ahead and make yourself at home. I'll be sure to turn up before daybreak."

Soon after this the salesman arrived in town about midnight, and, remembering his friend's invitation, sought out his boarding-house. There was only a dim light flickering in the hall, but he gave the bell a manful pull. Presently he found himself face to face with a landlady of grim and terrible aspect.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" he faltered.

"He does," snapped the landlady. "You can bring him right in!'

* * *

ONE day while George Ade, the American humorist, was travelling in the Orient, he came upon a fellow-passenger in a heated discussion with an old Arab. The lady, a school teacher, complained to Mr. Ade that, after studying Arabic for years in preparation for this trip, she could not understand a word that the native said.

"Never mind," said Ade, consolingly. "Can't you see that he hasn't a tooth in his head? He's talking gum-Arabic."

* * *

AN American commercial traveller made a trip to Scotland, and in Aberdeen was asked by a prospective buyer to subscribe to the prize fund for the local golf tournament. He parted with five shillings, and, as he was interested in golf, he remarked that he would like to be kept informed of the progress of the tournament, so that he could look out for the result.

"Oh," said the customer, as he picked up the contribution and placed it securely in his pocket, "ye needna dae that. The tournament was held last Saturday."

This was rather a staggerer for the latest contributor to the prize fund, but he retained curiosity enough to inquire who had proved the happy winner. The guileless solicitor for subscriptions was undaunted, however.

"The winner?" he said, coyly; "oh, just masel'."

* * *

DO you keep chicken feed?" inquired the customer. The grocer grinned brightly.

"No," he said, "we sell it." The customer received the shock well.

"Do you want some?" the grocer asked.

"No," said th ecustomer, "I don't. But I guess I'll have to have it."

"What kind do you use?" asked the grocer. The customer scowled.

"I don't use it," he remarked; "I feed it to the chickens."

"Oh, rats," said the grocer. "quit your kidding. Get down to facts. I'm busy to-day. You came here for chicken feed, didn't you?"

"Not much I didn't," said the customer, "I came here for a plug of tobacco. I want the chicken feed sent to the house."

"Where do your chickens live?" the grocer inquired, "I've forgotten the number." He grinned brightly again.

"They live in a chicken house," said the customer with great precision. "It's a whitewashed chicken house at the rear of 223 Johnson street. Don't trouble to knock. Just ask for Mr. Plymouth Rock." The grocer scowled in turn.

"Say," he said, "quit this foolishness, will you? There's people waiting on me."

"Wish there was somebody waiting on me," said the customer, "hurry up. Put that order down. What time will you have it there?"

"I won't have it there," explained the grocer, "I'll have it here and you'll have it there." Then the customer took a handful of crackers from a barrel and departed.

* * *

A CERTAIN miserly old gentleman pulled up his horse and trap at the door of a shop and beckoned to a seedy-looking individual who was singing in the streets. "Here, hold my horse a minute," he said.

The singer stopped in the middle of a verse and took up a position at the animal's head. When the old gentleman came out of the shop he bestowed a halfpenny upon the man, and then lost no time in scrambling into the trap. The recipient, having gazed at the coin for a moment jumped on the step. "Take it back, sir," he remarked, tragically; "it means ruin to you."

"What do you say, sir?" thundered the old gentleman.

"Ah," was the solemn reply, "once I was just like you. I'd heaps of money an' threw it about like water, an' look at me now! Ain't I a hobject-lesson? Keep your wealth; I scorn to rob yer!"

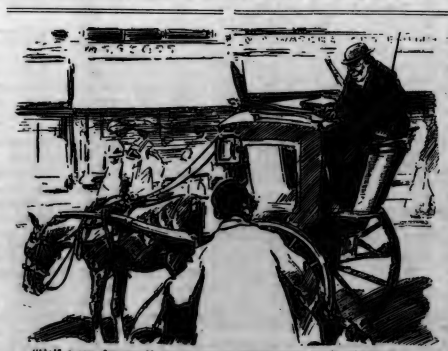
* * *

STORIES of Lord Roberts are perhaps more numerous than authentic. Here is one which may or may not be authentic, but is certainly amusing. The Commander-in-Chief was watching the firing at Bisley, and noticed two or three mistakes on the part of the markers. So he went to the telephone and rang up the officer in charge. "The marking is very bad," he observed. "It's the best you'll get," retorted the officer. "Do you know who I am?" sternly demanded Lord Roberts. "No, I don't." "I'm Lord Roberts." "Well, I'm Lord Wolseley." Lord Roberts loves a joke, but how he took this one history does not record.

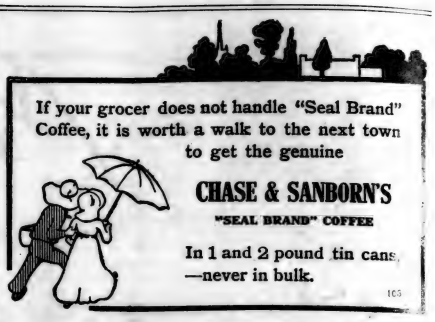
* * *

A CITY clerk never missed the chance of expatiating on his garden to his colleagues, who, however, were never taken home to see it, but were under the impression that it was of enormous size. Five of them resolved to have a look at it. discovered his address, and called one Saturday afternoon to see the hundreds of roses all a-growing and a-blowing. On being reluctantly taken to the rear of the house, judge of their surprise on seeing a back yard about twelve feet by ten. One bold spirit ventured to remark that it was not very big.

"Big!" replied the proud owner, pointing to the sky. "Why, man alive, look at the height of it!"



"Half a sov. for you if you get me to King's Cross in six minutes."
"It ain't no use, Captain; you may bribe me, but you can't corrupt the old 'oss.'
—Punch



If your grocer does not handle "Seal Brand" Coffee, it is worth a walk to the next town to get the genuine

CHASE & SANBORN'S
"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE
In 1 and 2 pound tin cans —never in bulk.

THE CHARM OF THE ANTIQUE

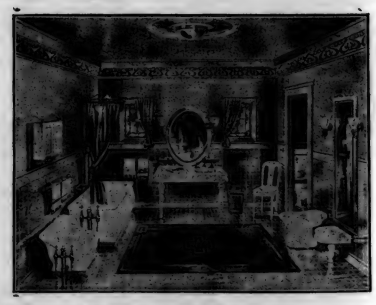
Any genuine antique possesses a charm that can never be held by the new or novel. Old furniture, rare china, time-worn brass, all have an attraction for the art lover.

But you must be sure your antiques are genuine. You can be certain of the authenticity and intrinsic worth of all Jenkins Antiques.

We are always pleased to show visitors over our gallery.

B. M. & T. Jenkins
Antique Gallery
422-424 Yonge St. - - Toronto

You Will Appreciate
THE SAVING MADE
By having us clean, press or dye your soiled, wrinkled or faded clothing.
Send for Our New Booklet which tells in detail about our work.
"MY VALET"
FOUNTAIN, THE CLEANER
30 Adelaide St. W. - - Toronto
Phone Main 5900



"ALEXANDRA" WARE

is a big step in advance of the so-called "SOLID PORCELAIN WARE."

The latter is a clay product liable to crack, and on account of its thickness requiring time and quantities of hot water to heat. *"ALEXANDRA WARE"* is of very different construction. Made of cast iron, covered both inside and out with heavy porcelain enamel, it is the ideal ware for the Bath Room.

The Standard Ideal Company Ltd

Sales Offices and Show Rooms Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg
Head Office and Factories Port Hope, Canada

ALLAN LINE

30—STEAMSHIPS—30
5—SERVICES 5

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL
Royal Mail Service
MONTREAL TO GLASGOW
MONTREAL TO LONDON
MONTREAL TO HAVRE
BOSTON TO GLASGOW

For full particulars of sailings and rates, apply

"THE ALLAN LINE,"
77 Yonge Street, Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

EXPRESS SERVICE TO Muskoka

Luxuriously appointed trains leave Toronto

9.00 a.m. week days only. Parlor Car and Coaches. Arrive Bala 1.00 p.m.	11.35 a.m. daily. Cafe Parlor Car and Coaches. Arrive Bala 3.00 p.m.	10.10 p.m. daily. Sleeping Car for Bala. Steamer leaves Bala 7.00 a.m.

GOOD STEAMER CONNECTIONS for all Muskoka Lake Resorts.

Time, roadbed and equipment unequalled.

Tickets and full information at C.P.R. City Ticket Office, corner King and Yonge streets.

NIAGARA NAVIGATION COMPANY

BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS TORONTO Route.

Leave Toronto (Sunday excepted) 7.30 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.15 p.m.

City Ticket Offices—Ground Floor of Traders Bank Building, and A. F. Webster's, Telephone M. 6036.

Book Tickets on Sale at City Ticket Office, Traders Bank Building.

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAV. CO.

St. Lawrence River Trips

Lake Ontario, 1000 Islands, Rapids St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.

Tourist steamers "Toronto" and "Kingston" leave Toronto at 3.00 p.m. daily.

Popular Saturday to Monday Outings

For folders, rates, etc., apply to Railway or Steamship ticket agents, or write

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A.G.P.A., Toronto

CANADIAN NORTHERN

THE LAKE SHORE EXPRESS

10.00 A.M.

Connecting at Bala Park and Lake Joseph with Muskoka Navigation Company steamers, arriving hours earlier than any other route.

Train leaves Union Station 8.00 a.m. steamer connection at Lake Joseph for Port Cockburn and Stanley House. 10.00 a.m., "Lake Shore Express." Finest equipment on the continent. 5.15 p.m. Observation-Dining Parlor Cars.

Full information and handsome illustrated literature at Ticket Office, corner King and Toronto Sts., and Union Station Main 5179.

DELICATE LACE CLEANED

Delicate laces have an important place in the need great care in are easily soiled and summer costumes. They cleaning. We know how to give them this care. We do the work right. Phone for our waggon to call.

R. PARKER & CO.

CLEANERS AND DYERS, TORONTO.
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

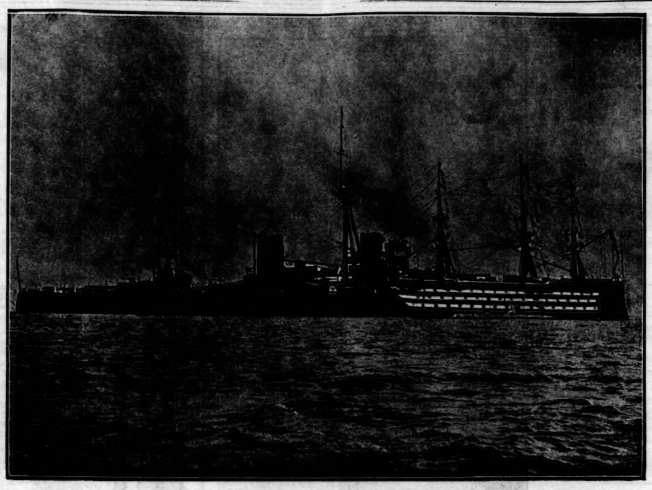
SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

PURE AND DELICIOUS.
Made in a moment. No waste. No trouble. Of all Grocers.

MRS. MEYER'S PARLORS

At Sunnyside are again the attraction to those who want nice, restful, healthful surroundings, while partaking of Dinners or Lunches, including our famous Fish Meals also the prettiest Ballroom in the city.

P. V. MEYER, Proprietress
TEL. P. 985



The "Dreadnoughts" of Nelson's Day and of To-day: The "Victory" compared with the great war-ship.

AN Inspector-General was relating incidents of famous national encampments.

"I remember a little Japanese who attended one of our banquets," he said, smiling, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife. I sat between the two, and the lady said across to me:

"'Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?'

"'Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom,' said the Japanese. 'We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that—'

"And he bowed and hissed in the polite Japanese way:

"'Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam!'"

WHEN the Right Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, was in London not long ago his fame as the "cowboy bishop" brought thousands of young boys and girls to hear him speak wherever he went. In one of his talks to the youngsters, he held them spellbound by telling them of his diocese in Wyoming, which was more thickly populated in the old days with bears and Indians than with Christians.

When he was finished with his description, he asked the children if anyone knew what a diocese was. One boy promptly raised his hand.

"What is it, my lad?"

"A diocese, my lord, is a body of land with a bishop on top and the clergy underneath," was the answer.

A STORY is told of a Frenchman who was very anxious to see an English business man at his home. The first morning when he called at the house the maid replied to his query:

"The master is not down yet," meaning downstairs.

The following morning he called again, and was met with:

"The master is not up yet," meaning that he had not yet arisen from his bed.

The Frenchman, looking at her with doubtful eye, paused for a few seconds.

"Eet ees very deef'cult, but eef ze mademoiselle will tell me when ze master will be neither up nor down, but in ze middle, zen I vill call at zat time."

The Child in the Garden.

WHEN to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought,
And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
It dared to tread the garden, loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown, and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child—
A strange child, yet to my heart most dear—
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear;
"Come in," he said, "and play a while with me;
I am the little child you used to be."

—Henry van Dyke, in The Presbyterian (Philadelphia).

The Consoler.

TIME comes to grief as sleep to weariness.
On silent sandals and with shadowy hair
Sleep bends to soothe the fretful daytime care,
And Time unto my grief shall do no less.
But yet a little and his hands will press
Above the weeping eyes and close them there,
Above the trembling lips, till all despair
Lies like a sleeping child in his caress.

And when my sorrow wakes it will not be
My sorrow any more, for I shall smile,
Beholding it, to know it comforted;
No sorrow, but a gentle memory
That still may walk with me a little while,
At twilight, or when April boughs are spread.

—Theodosia Garrison, in The Cosmopolitan.

Sporting Notes.

NO manner of disguise would avail our leading cricketers, says a writer in Tit-Bits. The keen follower of the summer game could not fail to recognize them instantly from their pet peculiarities. Could genial "Georgie" Hirst ever hope to escape detection by the crowd? He is an "all-round" man, both in a cricket and a physical sense. No rig could hide his habit of pulling his cap well over his eyes and eagerly tugging at his trousers with his left hand while batting, or his sprightly hop-skip-and-jump action while bowling, or his jaunty walk and expansive smile when in the field.

Seated, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from the pavilion, the spectator has often to rely on certain little signs by which he can infallibly tell if his favorites are playing. Lancastrians would fear a catastrophe if "Archie" Maclaren, England's new captain, failed to throw a backward glance at the clock when going out to bat; and that other Red Rose favorite, Tyldesley, always satisfies his supporters by holding his bat in his left hand at the middle of the blade when going out to bat, and by burying his hands deep in his pockets when going out to field. When not "on duty" he will almost surely be found absorbed in a novel in the dressing-room, which reminds one that when Mr. George Kemp's turn came to bat in a 'Varsity match it was necessary to dispatch a search-party, who found him on his back in the pavilion, reading one of Miss Braddon's novels.

Walter Brearley, when going out to bat, dashes frantically down the pavilion steps and races to the wickets as though the fate of the country depended on his saving a second. He is fond of wearing a white neckerchief, and when bowling may always be known by the little side-step he takes after starting to run, and his habit of changing the ball from the left hand to the right. But the little mannerisms of great bowlers are apt to readily impress themselves on the minds of nervous batsmen.

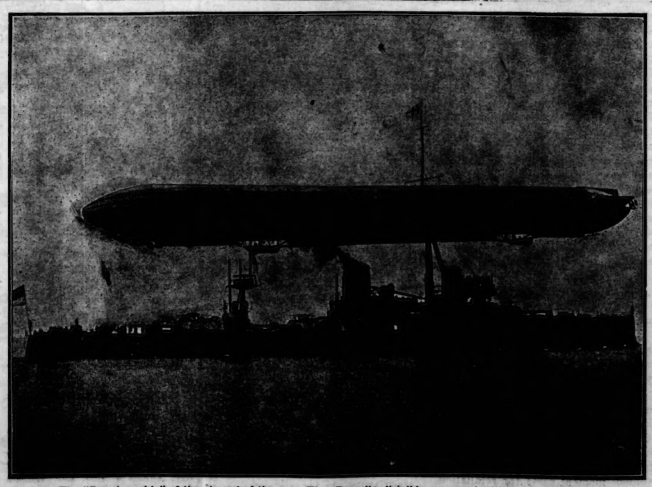
It used to be said that cricketers lived in dread of seeing Tom Richardson mop his brow—as he always did it when he bowled a man. W. J. Ford once related how he suffered nightmares on being bowled by a man in pink trousers; and it is said that batsmen did not mind Bosanquet's "googlies" half so much as his aggravating, satanic imperturbability. When Hayward bowled for Surrey he used to take an almost semicircular route to the bowling-crease; Walter Mead, of Essex, hugs the ball to himself as though he would hide it from the batsman; and Schofield Haigh digs a hole in the turf with his heel, into which he carefully places his foot each time before starting his run, and his final habit of dragging his right foot near the crease told so heavily on his boot that he had to have a metal plate placed inside.

The hesitating, jerky bowling-action of Wass, the Notts fast bowler, was satirized by a Lancashire crowd on one occasion, when they started singing, in unison with his step, to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel." This reminds one that Rhodes's deliberate, measured walk to the bowling-crease caused the crowd at Sydney to yell "One—two—three" in accompaniment on a famous occasion; and at the commencement of each over he almost invariably drops the ball and proceeds to tuck away his cricket-shirt within his sash, then indulging in imperious gestures to various fieldsmen. He also has Hirst's leg-scratching habit when batting.

Albert Trott, of Middlesex, may be recognized by his Gladstone-bag palms thrust forward and legs stretched wide apart whilst fielding in the slips; and A. D. Nourse, the South African, is said to have hands so huge that he can manipulate a Rugby football as easily as a cricket-ball. C. J. Burnup, of Kent, is fond of wearing a pink shirt; Leveson-Gower, Surrey's captain, his achieved renown for the variety of caps donned during matches. C. E. M. Wilson, who achieved a great name as a 'Varsity player, sometimes bowls with both right and left arms with equal facility; P. F. Warner advertises the fact that his hair is a bit thin on top by perpetually wearing a harlequin cap.

E. A. Beldam, of Middlesex, betrays his keenness when fielding by wetting his hands and rubbing them vigorously before each ball is delivered.

C. B. Fry is fond of emulating S. M. J. Woods's habit of appearing hatless. Never by any chance will you see him wearing one of the orthodox close-fitting caps. If the weather demands it he will wear a sort of linen Panama. He is always first to arrive on the ground, and, when batting draws himself up to his full height, places his feet with mathematical precision on the right spot, and then calmly faces the bowler. It is not a little curious that the hard-hitting Jessop holds his bat with one hand at the top of the handle and the other at the bottom; and J. Gunn, of Notts', holds his bat almost perpendicular over his shoulder.



The "Dreadnoughts" of the air and of the seas: The Zeppelin dirigible compared with the great war-ship.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

56 Years' Growth in Merchandising

During July and August we close daily at 5 p.m. Saturdays 1 p.m.

An August Sale of Suits and Dresses

We are now making a big clearance in our Dress and Suit Section. We have had a very successful Season, and we must make a big clean up in the several lines that we have left. We are offering our Suits and Dresses at such prices that we know there will be no difficulty on that part.

Dainty and smart Wash Suits, made of a fine quality Repp, in handsome stripes and plain patterns, regular $12.50. August sale price..... $5.00

Fine tailored Suits, made of best quality French Linen, in shades of blue, pink, tan, green and heliotrope, regular $15.00. August sale price..... $7.50

And a few handsomely tailored Linen Suits, cut on the newest patterns, in white only, regular $25.00. August sale price..... $10.00

RUINART CHAMPAGNE

This famous wine is becoming recognized in Canada as superior to all others.

The word "Ruinart" on a bottle is the surest possible guarantee of champagne quality.

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Crème SIMON
POUDRE ◆ SAVON
Unrivalled
for the preservation of the Skin

From all Chemists and Perfumers

JUDGE CARR, OF PITTSBURG,
An American player at the Lambton Tournament.

To Each His Own.

By Margaret Root Garvin.

EACH hath his drug for Sorrow
(Or else the pain would slay!)
For one, it is "To-morrow";
For one, 'tis "Yesterday."

"And hast thou lost, my Brother?"
"Yea, but in dreams I find."
"And I" (so saith another)
"Leave buried dead behind!"

For each, when gyves are fretting,
A different balm must be.
Some find it in forgetting,
And some in memory.

—Lippincott's.

He was standing aimlessly at the street corner, and looked for all the world like a new arrival.

"Ha!" said Weary Watkins, "here's a soft thing." And sidling up to him he whispered, in his weary way, "Please, sir, can you spare a copper?"

"Spare a copper! Certainly. There's four standing round the next corner, all disengaged. Just wait a minute, my good man, and I'll——"

But Watkins didn't wait to be obliged.

Little Willie: "Say, pa, what is a hypocrite?"

Pa: "A hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks Providence for his success, then gets mad everytime anybody insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for himself."

POLICEMAN GILLIS, OF VANCOUVER,
Who has proved himself Amateur Champion of Canada in three athletic meets.

MADE BY A MASTER
Gerhard Heintzman
PIANOS
IN BUYING A PAINTING YOU LOOK AT THE NAME OF THE ARTIST. IT IS HIS WORK YOU BUY, NOT THE PAINT AND FRAME.
IN THE GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO IT IS THE WORK OF THE ARTIST THAT DISTINGUISHES IT FROM TRADE INSTRUMENTS. IT IS A WORK OF ART—NOT A MERE FACTORY PRODUCTION.
Gerhard Heintzman, Ltd.
97 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 King Street E.

Niagara on the Lake ::

THE dance at the Queen's Royal Hotel Saturday evening was very jolly. A large number of Torontonians came over for the week end, and many motored down from Buffalo. Among some of those present were: Mrs. Van Rensellaer, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Gearey, Mrs. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Riggs, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Maud Wier, Miss Sizer, Miss Gladys Edwards, Miss Violet Edwards, Miss Jackson, Miss Scott, Miss Starkweather, Miss Geddes, Miss Hope Wigmore, Mrs. Fleishman, Mr. and Mrs. Suydam, Miss Merritt, Miss Miller, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Foy, Miss McLean, Miss Louise Ford, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Stimson, Miss Bell. A few of the men present were: Mr. Frank Strathy, Dr. Johnston, Mr. Cole, Mr. Tilson, Mr. Bell, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr. Russell, Mr. Gearey, Mr. Hostetter, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Miller, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Brown.

Mrs. Harry Patterson, Toronto, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ince, at Paradise Grove.

Miss Ruth Graham, a talented Buffalo girl, has arranged to give an evening of dramatic impersonation in the Queen's Royal casino on Friday, Aug. 13th, when a delightful entertainment may be expected, Miss Graham having successfully appeared at the residences of the "400" in New York last winter.

Miss Hope Wigmore, who left town this week to visit in Sarnia, will return to the Queen's Royal for tennis week Aug. 23rd; and Miss Maud Arthurs Wier will be another popular belle here for the many gaities of the tournament, which promises to be the most successful in the history of the Queen's Royal. It is now definitely announced that Miss May Sutton will take part, and her match with Mrs. Hannam will be a feature of the week.

Miss Gladys Edwards has arrived in town for the rest of the summer after a visit to Atlantic City and Gowanda, Pa.

Miss B. McGill, Toronto, spent the holiday with Mrs. R. W. Patterson, Fort Niagara, and I believe is expected back this week.

Mr. Edgar Thorne, Montreal, spent the week end at the Queen's Royal.

Miss Virginia Hugel, who has been spending a few weeks in Toronto, returned to town last week.

Mr. Frank Strathy spent the week end at the Queen's Royal.

Mr. Gerald Ball is spending his holidays in town.

The past week has seen renewed activity at the Queen's Royal Golf Club, matches being arranged for each day, Dr. and Mrs. D. King Smith and Mrs. A. W. Barnard being among those donating prizes.

The most noticeable event of last week at the Queen's Royal was the concert arranged by Mr. Harold Crane, leading baritone with Henry Savage companies, who presented a successful program, assisted by some of the Niagara boys, also Miss Taylor, Miss Ramsay. and Miss Lillian Moody, a brilliant young soprano.

MARCELL.

Talk sense to a young girl and nonsense to an old one if you would please them.

A New Way of Weeding.

THERE is a very interesting description in The Irrigation Age of a recent series of experiments in the killing of weeds by spraying. Fifteen years ago had you told the average farmer that by going over his grain-fields with a spraying-machine he could eliminate practically every weed with which they were infested and leave the growing grain benefited and unhurt, he probably would have told you what he thought of you, and had you persisted, he might have used bodily effort to enforce his opinion. But this very day that same farmer is probably sitting placidly on the seat of a modern traction sprayer, giving his cereal fields a thorough drenching of weed-killing substance that causes the weeds to turn black and then wither away—but leaving the grain unscathed. How did this transition come about? Like all great discoveries—very simply.

In 1896, Prof. H. L. Bolley, of the North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station, Fargo, N. Dak., decided to make a definite effort to test whether it would be possible to kill young weeds, especially young mustard plants, in growing wheat, by means of chemicals sprayed over the weeds and grain, without killing them both in so doing. He had long considered such a proposition as very feasible, but of course required some time to get what he considered the proper proportions of spraying mixture before making the first trial. However, he made the attempt in 1896 with solutions of copper sulfate and mercuric bichlorid and met with surprisingly successful results, plainly demonstrating that he was upon the right track. So to the United States belongs the credit for this discovery, although French investigators were working along the same lines at nearly the same time. In 1897-98 other exhaustive experiments were undertaken, and very shortly it was firmly established that such work could be practised with a high degree of success by any farmer. Since that time, experiments have been steadily pursued along this line and the fact remains that certain weeds can be entirely eliminated without destruction to the grain growing beside them.

Success lies in the fact that the leaves of nearly all farm weeds are broad, rough, and soft, while the grain plant is slender with a smaller and smoother surface. When the liquid is sprayed from the machine, the broad and porous leaves of the weed catch and absorb enough of the chemical to kill it, while from the slender grain the liquid runs off without doing any damage. After spraying, the tops of grain and weeds alike turn black, but in two or three days the former regain their color and strength, while the weeds wither and die.

"A STORY is being told," says the Japan Herald, "at the expense of a certain pompous Britisher who crossed from Yokohama the other day in the steamship Korea. Among the passengers was Wong Kwong, a cultivated Chinaman, who is general manager of one of the most important engineering concerns in his own country. The unnamed Britisher treated the little Celestial with a patronising air, that was endured without protest until a convenient moment came for retaliation. Wong had just finished telling a good story in the smoking-room. 'I say, my man,' remarked the Britisher as soon as the laughter had subsided, 'you speak English very well for a Chinee.' 'Yes,' replied Wong; 'I have a great many Englishmen in my employment.'"

THE customer had overhauled a large number of clocks of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions, but nothing seemed exactly to suit his tastes. At last the jeweler, in despair, fetched out a massive timepiece of complicated design.

"Here, sir, is a clock which will, I think, please your tastes. At precisely ten o'clock every morning a chime of bells ring and a bird hops out and sings a carol."

"I will take that if you make a few changes in it."

"With pleasure," replied the jeweler.

"I have a daughter," went on the customer, "and I want the clock for the room where she entertains her company. Make it so that at eleven o'clock at night a milkman's bell will ring and a newsboy will skip out and yell 'Morning papers!' and I'll take it."

Exhibition Opens Aug. 30.

Preparations for the Canadian National Exhibition, which will open on August 30, already are well under way. The grounds have been beautified by the Parks Department to an extent that will win words of approval from thousands of visitors three weeks hence, and the new entrance on Dufferin street will be very attractive when completed. The greatly enlarged grounds, with the handsome new Transportation Building in the recently added portion, have made it possible to have a grand plaza, surrounded by the Horticultural, Manufacturers', Administration and Transportation buildings. On this plaza will be a band stand, as well as the beautiful fountain which President George H. Gooderham has given to the Exhibition Association.

The new Transportation building is 337 feet long by 157 feet wide. It is fireproof, except for a plank flooring. The chief exhibits in it this coming Exhibition will be automobiles and motor boats. The grand stand seats are being put in place. There are 16,800 chairs to be put in. Many concessionaires are at work preparing for the Exhibition, and a number of men are busy repainting several of the large buildings. The Midway will have new attractions.

The Exhibition grounds now comprise 260 acres, including the new westerly portion.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTH.

MATHER—At 46 Elgin avenue, on Wednesday, August 4, 1909, the wife of Norman L. C. Mather, of a daughter.

DEWAR—At Deseronto, on Saturday, July 31st, 1909, the wife of R. J. S. Dewar, of the Standard Bank, a son.

MARRIAGES.

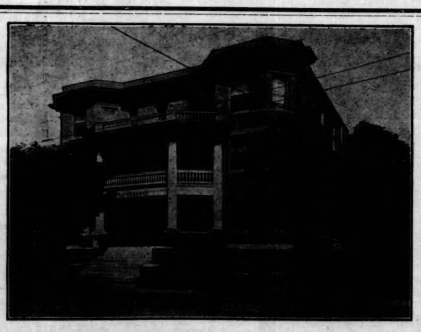
HANNA—ARNOLD—On Tuesday, August 3, 1909, at the residence of the bride's parents, Ivy, Ont., by the Rev. G. P. Craw, Florence Adella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Arnold, to Robert James Hanna, of Toronto.

JOHNSTON—PARKE—On Saturday, July 31, 1909, at St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, by the Rev. J. S. Broughall, Margaret E. F. Parke, daughter of the late E. Jones Parke, Esq., Q.C., London, Ont., to George Sloan Johnston, Manager of the Bank of Toronto Queen and Parliament streets branch, Toronto.

DEATHS.

MACLAREN—At his late residence, 57 St. George street, Toronto, on Wednesday, August 4, 1909, Rev. William MacLaren, D.D., LL.D., Emeritus Principal of Knox College, in his 82nd year.

THE "BLACK BABY" STYLO PEN
Price $1.00
"THE BLACK BABY" is bound to become a household word in the stylo pen line. Not because there is something catchy in the idea, but because the pen itself has all the essentials of lasting popularity, viz., thoroughness of construction and finish. It is neat and attractive in appearance, convenient in size, reasonable in price.
A Smooth, Steady, Clean, Clear Writer.
Does not Splutter or Leak.
Remember the Name and Ask for IT.
AT ALL BOOK STORES OR SENT POST PAID
The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto



The "OSBORNE"
PRIVATE AND SELECT
Each of the six high-class Suites in this beautiful Apartment House contains six rooms and bath.
Situated on the north side of King street, near Jameson avenue, the "Osborne" is convenient to the business centre and at the same time located in one of the best residential districts. In laying out this modern apartment house, no effort has been spared to ensure the maximum of convenience as well as absolute privacy for each tenant.
Rents, $60 and $65.
Enquire of Janitor on the premises, or
THOS. McILWAIN, 147 Jameson Avenue

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

Phone
W.H. STONE CO.
UNDERTAKERS
32 CARLTON ST.
N. 3755

The White Marble Sphinx

(*Continued from Page 9*).

ow she never could bear the garden t any time, and especially when it as dark.

"I'm coming, Emma," he called. "ou need not come to fetch me."

"Oh, Master Dickie!" she said, as y went up the steps into the house, hat a turn you have given me, to ure! I thought you were safe in study with your new picture-; and when I went to look and d you gone—well, there! I called and Emily; and Cook said there was no telling what you'd be next; and Emily, she said there some horridlike-looking gipsy en selling bootlaces and tapes pins come round to the back about tea-time, and did I think could have run off with you for clothes? And I'm all of a ble still. However you could ve stayed out so late in that nasty, ark garden, with all them great, ly bushes and trees all round you, more than I can tell; but anything for a bit of mischief, I suppose."

They were upstairs in the nursery this time, and Emma stopped for want of breath, for she had been talking very fast, as she did sometimes when she got excited.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to frighten you, Emma. And don't you remember you said I could stay out there a little longer, as it was so warm?"

"Well, well, let's hear no more about it," said Emma, quite nicely; "but you can't have your bath to-night now—Cook's let the fire out, and there's no hot water. I'll just wash your face and hands, and brush your hair, and you must tumble into bed double quick. It's goodness knows what's o'clock already, you young Turk!"

The Little Boy never could quite remember whether he had just dozed off to sleep for a little while or not. But he thought not; in fact, he was almost sure about it when he came to think of it afterwards, for it seemed to him that no sooner had Emma bidden him "Good night, and be a good boy and go to sleep at once," and taken away the candle, than he began to notice how very brightly the full moon was shining into the room—so brightly, indeed, that he lifted his head from his pillow to look. And while he was looking, and wondering half drowsily at the golden light of it, he saw something that made him feel wide awake in an instant. He was out of bed the next moment, with both casements thrown wide open—for the latch was quite an easy one —looking out eagerly into the moonlit garden. Just outside his window there grew a tall, dark pine-tree, and it was between the thick plumes of this that he had thought to see a flutter of great white wings and to hear the wind of them. And again he was not mistaken; for as he watched and wondered, kneeling on the wide window-seat in his little white nightgown, the great, white Sphinx wheeled slowly through the moonlight with wings outspread, and hovered outside above the nursery window-sill with its scented garland of pale, clambering roses. Its face looked radiant with happiness, and the drooping garland round its neck, which the child had made and hung there early that morning, was as fresh and dewy as when he had gathered the flowers.

"You see, I have kept my promise," it said; "and now I must leave you —I have far to go."

"Do tell me where, dear Sphinx!" cried the child wistfully. "I do wish you were not going, but would stay and talk to me instead. You can't *think* how dull it is to be in bed when you don't want to be asleep, and they won't let you get up."

"No," said the Sphinx thoughtfully; "I don't think I can. But are you not sleepy?"

"Not a bit."

"Well—"

"Oh, what? Mummy nearly always is thinking of some pleasant kind of plan when she says 'Well' like that!"

"I was only considering," said the Sphinx slowly, as it crouched on the broad sill, fanning its wings gently in the still air—"I was thinking whether you would like to go with me to-night. In a very few years you will be too old for me to take you; and there might not be such another chance for you as this."

"Oh, could you really, really take me with you? Could you, could you?" cried the Little Boy, bouncing up and down on the cushions with excitement.

"Be careful," replied the Sphinx, turning about as it spoke. "Don't leave go of the casement-frame until you are safely settled between my wings, and take a firm hold of the chaplet of roses round my neck. Then you will be quite safe. Now we are going to start—"

And suddenly they were sailing smoothly, but more swiftly than the child had ever been carried before, even in trains, through the warm blue and golden summer night—blue with the deep skies and golden with the broad, round moon. The strong pinions beat the air so fast that they scarcely seemed to move in their steady flight, and the child was so happy and so comfortable that he did not feel in the least afraid, although they were so far above the earth that the cities below as they flew looked no bigger than those little towns and dwelling-places that you build with your blocks. The Sphinx's back was just like white velvet to lean against; and once when the wing-feathers accidentally brushed his face, the Little Boy was reminded of a soft, fluffy boa his Mother used to sometimes wear. On and on they sailed, and always with the same steadfast swiftness; and sometimes there would seem to be land and mountains and rivers far down beneath them, and sometimes the restless sea.

"Where are we going?" said the Little Boy, speaking for the first time since they had started.

"We are there," the Shinx answered. "Hold fast!"

And down, down, down they sank, slowly and still more slowly, until they alighted with a soft shock on a great, grassy space that seemed to be upon a hillside, and was thickly grown with the strangest, loveliest flowers the child had ever seen, while some of the trees seemed made—leaves, stems, and all—of the purest silver, and others stood all starred with scented, white blossom, and hung with golden globes of fruit.

The child sat upon the sweetly smelling grass and looked about him in silence. Gradually, as his eyes grew more used to see through the blue night and the golden light of the moon, he could make out the wide sweep of a bay and a quiet sea lapping along the shores of it; and then looking behind him, the oddest city, he thought, that could ever have been. Narrow marble streets, and marble houses with courtyards and sparkling fountains, and white terraces, and glowing pictures painted on the walls. It certainly was the most wonderful place in the world. There did not seem to be any staircases to the houses, and very few roofs; but it was lovely all the same, he said in his heart, as he turned to the Sphinx, and was just going to say so out loud, but—"Hush!" it whispered. "Listen and look, for this is what you can never see again."

And suddenly, to sweet, wild music, blown on pipes and reeds, came flocking a troop of creatures as strange as the place itself. Beautiful ladies all in floating white, and decked with clustering, trailing garlands; little, naked, winged baby boys, some with bows and arrows and quivers, and others with torches; young men with short, curly, golden hair, and leopard skins about their shoulders, older men with ivy-wreaths about their brows, and hairy, goatlike legs and hoofs—all these, and many more that he could never rightly remember, came dancing as lightly as fairies or fireflies over the flowery sward. Now drifting apart, now clustering all together, like snowflakes in the beginning of a long fall, they came and went, mingling and separating till the child could scarcely tell one being from another; but all at once it broke upon him that there was one there that he surely knew—the white, stone lady from his Mother's drawing-room who stood always in the corner near the window. He glanced at his companion, who nodded and smiled, and then—just as suddenly as it had begun—the strange dance ended and the figures vanished from the slope. The Sphinx sighed deeply. "We must be gone," it said. "Climb upon my back between my wings and hold fast to the rope of roses." And as the child, half in a dream, unwillingly obeyed, it sighed again more heavily still and rose slowly into the brightening heavens.

"I never could have thought of anything so beautiful. But why are you so sad? Are you very tired? And am I too heavy?" asked the Little Boy after a long silence.

"That is my country," said the Sphinx—"my own home, where I lived always under the blue skies and the sunshine until the old lord saw me and had me carried to his ship and brought over the sea."

"What lord? And how unkind of him!' said the child. "Who was he?"

"They said he was a brave sailor, and fought well for his country; but I know nothing of that. He had a white palace with pillars not far from where your house is now, and he put me in the garden of it under an ilex-tree; but the ilex died one cold winter, and then they planted the May-tree instead. I was sorry when the ilex died. And then, one day, the old lord himself died, and they pulled down his palace and made the old, big garden into many new, small ones."

"But ours isn't small," said the child. "Everyone who comes says to Mummy: 'How fortunate you are to have such a large garden so near London!' And she says: 'Yes, I think we are.'"

"Don't talk any more; I have to hurry," said the Sphinx suddenly. "I had no idea the time had gone so fast. If the sun were to rise——" And it flew faster than ever, so fast that its little rider had to shut his eyes and hold on without thinking of anything else. But at last—"Swish! whirred the great wings—and there were the dark pine-trees with their waving fingers, and the Little Boy's nursery window, wide open, just as he had left it.

"We are only just in time," he heard the Sphinx saying in his ear. "Climb in quickly, for I have but one half-second to get back to my pedestal on the lawn."

And after that he must have fallen asleep very quickly indeed, for the next thing he heard was Mummy's voice, and she was saying: "Oh, Dickie, how bad of you to be sleeping on the window-seat, with the casements open! Tell me how it happened, dear?"

The morning sun was shining in his eyes so brightly that it made him blink, and he felt very, very drowsy; but he jumped up briskly and stretched his little body and, after a big yawn or two, managed to tell her all about it. "So you see, Mummy, darling," said he in conclusion, "Francis really was all wrong in what he said about our Sphinx being silly. But perhaps he would only laugh even if I told him. I don't think I shall tell him—would you?"

He was sitting on his Mother's knee, and her arm was around him, and she just gave him the kind of gentle little hug that he liked so much as she answered: "No, dearie, I don't think I should tell Francis. He mightn't understand.

A Great Astronomer Dead.

By the death, in Washington, on July 12, of Simon Newcomb, the continent has lost its greatest astronomer, and perhaps its foremost man of science. Professor Newcomb was born in Wallace, Nova Scotia, on March 12, 1835. The genealogy of the Newcomb family, a copy of which was loaned the writer by a Toronto lady, states that the great, great, great, great grandfather of the late Simon Newcomb was Lieut. Andrew Newcomb, who resided at or near Portsmouth, N.H., as early as 1666. The next generation of Newcombs were to be found in Maine, and the next generation in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The great grandfather of the late Simon Newcomb, removed in 1761 from Lebanon, Ct., with his parents to Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

Simon Newcomb removed to the United States when eighteen years old and became a teacher. His mathematical aptitude secured him an appointment on the United States nautical almanac, and he afterward studied at Harvard. He was appointed a professor of mathematics in the United States Naval Academy, and at the time of his death he was on the Navy's retired list. Besides gaining world-wide renown as a mathematical astronomer, for his achievements in which field he received degrees, medals, and honors from universities and scientific institutions in all lands, Professor Newcomb wrote on political economy, took much interest in aeronautics, and even ventured upon the field of fiction. The following editorial in The Evening Post, New York, indicates the esteem in which he was held by men of affairs generally. Says the writer:

THE LATE PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB,
A Canadian who became the greatest American scientist of his day.

"In the death of Prof. Simon Newcomb at his home in Washington yesterday, this country lost a distinguished scientist of world-wide reputation. In his own special department of mathematical astronomy, his achievements were both solid and original, and, unlike the work of many scientists, much of Professor Newcomb's was of the greatest direct serviceability, especially in the domain of navigation. The born man of science was in evidence, whether he was journeying to a remote land in quest of observational knowledge, or whether he was calmly pursuing his scientific inquiries in Paris while the window-panes of his observatory were rattling under the musketry of the Commune. Like all of the greatest men of science, he was simple, direct, unaffected, never ashamed of admitting the limits of his knowledge. An illustration of this almost naive quality once came under our notice. He complained of his inability to grade written examination papers. He said he never felt certain that the relative markings he gave were correct. The secular variations and mutual relations of the asteroids, the weight of the orbits of the planets, hid little from his scrutiny. But the elusive windings and spectral emergencies of the human mind he recognized as beyond any precise rule that he could frame. Particularly noticeable was a contribution of his to economics, that of the distinction between 'funds' and 'flows' of wealth. The whole terminology of modern economics which hinges so much on the difference between income and capital may be regarded as the outcome of this pregnant suggestion. Equally sane and timely was his recent lucid summary of the very limited possibilities of aerial navigation."

Come In!!!

Hot? Come in and get a glass of Coca-Cola—it is cooling and refreshing.

Tired? Come in and get a glass of Coca-Cola—it relieves fatigue.

Thirsty? Come in and get a glass of Coca-Cola—it quenches the thirst.

DRINK
Coca-Cola

Whenever you're bodily fagged or brain weary or just want a delicious, wholesome, thirst-quenching beverage,

GET THE GENUINE

5c Everywhere

Coca-Cola is made in Canada

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

TEACHER'S

The highest virtue that can be claimed for a beverage is PURITY.

Of Scotch Whisky Brands there are few that can, with so much justification, claim absolute purity as can TEACHER'S. Matured in wood, and mellowed by age.

Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto, Can.
Ottawa Wine Vault Co., Ottawa, Can.

AND RETAILED IN TORONTO BY
WM. MARA & CO.

THE old London hansom driver, who is being driven out of business by the taxicabs, says The Argonaut, is a miracle of honesty and politeness and a wonderfully sure whip. He has need to be. He is pretty severely tested before he gets his license. He has to satisfy the police that he knows how to drive, and, what is far harder, how to find his way about London. He must also furnish a full account of his life for the previous six years, a list of all the places at which he has lived, and a testimonial and recommendation from two householders. All his statements are verified, and a man who finally succeeds in obtaining his license may pride himself on a certificate that is really worth having. The best proof of its value is that there is never any difficulty in recovering an article that has been lost in a hansom.

A LETTER from Paris says that a hard blow has been dealt to lady lawyers, doctors, typists, secretaries, and all women who compete professionally with men. A masculine league has been formed to boycott them, not in business, but in another sphere.

The members apparently deem it hopeless to try to beat them in the struggle for life, and have decided to pay them out in another way. They have all solemnly bound themselves never to propose to a lady following a profession which men pursue also, and in the case of leap years to reject all advances which such females might make them.

If the league succeeds, every feminine competitor of men in France now single will be doomed to remain so, unless, presumably, she gives up her masculine occupation at once and takes to needlework. No information is given as to who the members of the league are. It remains to be seen whether a strict observance of the rules by the members will act strongly or not as an inducement to the ladies concerned to throw up their present jobs instantly and marry the leaguers.

"Beg pardon," said the hotel clerk, "but what is your name?"

"Name!" echoed the indignant guest, who had just registered. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk, calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity!"

Nothing makes a man feel more important than his ability to answer the questions of a small boy.

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

IS BABY'S FRIEND

Soft and smooth as baby's own skin, boric and antiseptic, Colgate's Talc Powder makes hot weather comfortable for the baby and for the whole family.

It absorbs perspiration, prevents chafing and relieves prickly heat.

A luxury after the morning shave, after the bath or swim. Indispensable for summer comfort.

Recommended wherever toilet articles are sold in every civilized country.

Just to have you try it we will send a trial package to any address on receipt of 4c. in stamps.

We couldn't improve the powder, so we have *AGAIN* improved the box. The new 1909 Model, Six Hole Sifter, regulates the flow of powder and concentrates it, when desired, on the tiniest fold of baby's skin, giving *DOUBLE ECONOMY*.

Your choice of Violet, Cashmere Bouquet or Unscented. Both powder and perfumes are antiseptic.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. M Coristine Bldg., MONTREAL.
(Established over 100 years)
W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada.

31

This six hole sifter not only concentrates the powder but also regulates its flow, giving — DOUBLE ECONOMY

The Safety Powder in the Saving Box

The Rewards of Fishing

CONSIDER the gentle fisherman who is now coming into his own, advises The Bellman, for his characteristics are various. One fishes to make money. He has little time to consider the pleasures of his occupation, but must fill his basket or his boat in order that he may have clothes for his back and bread and meat in his larder. If the fish do not bite at one place, he may pull up anchor and away to more favorable waters. The necessities of life must be provided, and anxiety ever sits beside him and baits his hook.

Another fishes solely to catch fish. He has no cause to worry about the home commissariat, but having gone fishing he feels that his trip has been a failure unless he has caught a score of good black bass or speckled trout. For this man every cast of the line that does not meet with a "strike" is a distinct disappointment, and if the fish continue to refuse his bait and he goes home empty-handed, or almost so, there burns in his breast a sense of resentment. If he should, in such a frame of mind, come upon the god of the angler, he would be disposed to crack him over the head with the butt of his rod. This man also misses the real joy of fishing.

He who fishes neither to re-stock his larder nor to catch fish alone, but for the sake of fishing, is the true sportsman. He is the one who gets from the game its richest rewards. He has set out to put the annoyances and anxieties of the daily grind behind him. He knows he will have to take them up again on the morrow, but for to-day such things do not exist. Neither does he take on a new and special set of worries along with his purchase of bait. He feels that he is under no obligation or bond to catch something just because he has gone fishing. He has no fear of the comments of those at home, should he return without so much as a single fin to show as evidence of his skill. He has come out to fish, not necessarily to catch fish. All he asks is the possibility of making a catch. If he takes nothing for all his labors, he has at least had the fun of the game, and is well content.

This man sings softly to himself, as he casts his bait or fly, or as he reels it in again and again. Perhaps he hums from "The Compleat Angler":

Man's life is but vain;
For 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
"'Tis a hodge-podge of business and money and care,
And care and money and trouble.
But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair;
Nor will we vex now though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
And angle and angle again.

To such as this, there comes the saying of Diogenes, who, after visiting a country fair, as Izaak Walton says, and seeing ribbons and looking-glasses and nut-crackers and fiddles and hobby-horses and many other gimcracks exclaimed: "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!"

For the time he possesses the earth, "as he goes toward the kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is he vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than the wise God has allotted to his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself."

It is this last kind of a fisherman who returns from his jaunt, refreshed in soul and body, steadied and ready again for the "hodge-podge of business and money and care, and care and money and trouble," and who, when these things once more become burdensome, goes off to "angle and angle again." It is this man who, studying to be quiet while he studies to catch fish, catches that which is better than any fish in or out of water.

The boy terror was in evidence again. His parents had invited some friends to dine, among them being his sister's beau, who took the incorrigible on his knee.

During a lull in the conversation the young hopeful suddenly yelled out:—

"Mr. Brown, is I as heavy as sister?"

But no one seemed to hear him!

Wasps in a New Role

WASPS have seldom been regarded as pets, and it is safe to say that few people have ever made any experiments for the purpose of discovering their latent possibilities for friendship. But Miss Black-Hawkins, who writes on the subject in The National Review, seems to have made some unusual discoveries in this direction. She says that although wasps seem to be almost unknown as pets, yet they make very interesting and intelligent ones. The common wasp (*vespar vulgaris*) is far from the bad-tempered and bold insect it is thought to be; in fact, her own experience leads her to believe wasps to be rather cowards than otherwise.

A wasp will pretend to be in a great temper, and buzz round angrily: but it is generally bluff, and if no notice be taken of the ruse it is anything but courageous. Such courage as they have seems to me to be born of a hasty temper, when, on the spur of the moment, they fling prudence to the wind and boldly attack the object of their wrath. "I have known a whole nest of wasps to be reduced to a state of terror because I would not go away from it when they buzzed angrily round me. The nest was built on the underside of a thatch, and part of it hung down exposed to view. I wished to see if I could tame this nest, so, putting some honey on my hand, I placed the tips of my fingers on it.

"Immediately the insects, who had been flying to and from the nest in a ceaseless flow all the morning, stopped work and hovered uneasily round. The wasps inside the nest would not venture out, and those outside dared not venture in. They were not to be won over by such enticements as honey, and although they must have smelt it, they would not alight on my hand to carry off the booty, but flew angrily round me. Had I shown signs of fright or run away they would doubtless have realised that they were the victors, and chased me with the generous intention of stinging a foe when he is down.

"But I kept quite quiet and still, despite the two or three dozen angry insects trying to drive me away. At the end of ten minutes one wasp, bolder than the rest, alighted on my hand and made straight for the honey. A second followed, and when these two had gathered as much honey as they could carry they disappeared into the nest. But they did not come out again, and as none of the others followed their suit I was at last obliged to decamp without having made friends, and my opinion of the insects' standard of courage dropped considerably. They would not be friends, but they had not the courage to boldly attack me when, with their superior numbers, they could easily have driven me off. The great secret with wasps is absolute stillness and determination. If you waver or move your head when a wasp is buzzing up your cheek he realises that you are frightened, and acts accordingly.

"Sometimes wasps display dashing bravery. On one occasion I was sitting close to a nest, and had just killed one of the inmates (which I wanted for my microscope), and was examining the body with small ceremony, when a second wasp flew out from the nest and, rising in the air, caught sight of my booty. Instantly she flew down on to my hand, straight as a die, and stung me viciously.

"In taming individual insects I have always found it best to pay no attention to their bluff. I have often kept wasps together in the same jar, but never yet known them to fight, although I have several times seen them adopt this attitude, but always with the same result."

THE largest and finest pearl ever found in Long Island Sound has been sold by Horace A. Saunders of South Norwalk, Connecticut, to a New York specialist for $600. The pearl was found by William Redding, who had no idea of its value, and exchanged it on the spot for Saunders' boat. Saunders drove a crafty bargain, for he was once a Ceylon diver for pearls and knew instantly the value of the find. The entire fleet of fifty oyster boats is now working the section of the Sound around South Norwalk in search of more $600 pearls, and the treasure-trove trepidation is agitating even the oyster openers in the restaurants.

IN view of the interest aroused in England by recent sales of great pictures, Punch offers some suggestions to struggle-for-lifers whose fancy lightly turns to virtuosity.

To those lacking capital, says Punch, the important thing at the outset is to pick up a real treasure for nothing and sell it advantageously. It is the first step that counts. To do this one should haunt the miscellaneous sale rooms, where many an Old Master has been discovered in job lots among carpets, safes and feather-beds. Everything that is old and grimy was not necessarily painted by Murillo or Rembrandt, Raphael or Titian, but all might have been. Remember that.

Remember that beneath the top picture may always be another. If you buy a genuine Rembrandt and, on scraping it, find a portrait of Wellington, stop scraping at once.

Cultivate your voice. Many masterpieces have been picked up for a mere song, and it would be dreadful to have no mere singing power when one was offered to you. Cram your repertory with mere songs.

Be wary. Remember that Corot painted nearly everything except the canvases that bear his name.

When purchasing of a dealer always look at the back of the picture first: it inspires respect, and puts him off from trying on his little games.

Bear in mind that a dealer's a dealer for a' that. He may wear clothes like yourself and talk like you, and sustain life in more or less the same way, but none the less he is a dealer.

Visit the National Gallery and learn how the great artists painted. This will make you the less likely to buy every Rembrandt that is offered to you. Study the difference between the styles of Perugino and Crome.

Keep a photograph of the Holbein Duchess on your wall. Let that be your star. Some day, say to yourself, I, too, will sell a picture to the nation.

SPEND YOUR VACATION AT THE SEASIDE.

The low rate excursions via Grand Trunk Railway System to Old Orchard, Me.; Kennebunkport, Me.; Portland, Me.; St. John, N.B.; Moncton, N.B.; Murray Bay, Que; Halifax, N.S.; Summerside, P.E.I.; Pictou, N.S., etc., will enable you to do so at small cost. Tickets good going August 9, 10, 11, 12, return limit August 30, 1909. Full information and tickets from any Grand Trunk Ticket Agent.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.

Like morning roses bathed in dew is the complexion of a woman who has herself lovely by regularly anointing her face with the purest and best of all skin foods, "Campana's Italian Balm." F. G. West & Co., Agents, 176 King St. East, Toronto.

The last words of great men stick in our memories; but far more often the last words of little women.

There is no room for argument as to the superiority of

B.B.B. PIPES

Every smoker knows that their equal doesn't exist.

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.

Main 2647 A. D. RUSSELL, Agent St. James Chambers, Toronto

O'Keefe's

We Double Our Cost — You Pay The Same

We use the finest Hops and Malt—and pay the top price to get the best.

We age the beer for months—to insure it being healthful.

We filter the beer after brewing — which adds to the cost.

We pasteurize every bottle to preserve its purity.

All these special features of the O'Keefe process, are for your benefit as well as ours.

They insure pure beer—wholesome beer—delicious beer.

Seal stoppers are another convenience. Isn't it wise to insist on having a beer you know is pure and good?

The Light Beer In The Light Bottle. *The Beer with a Reputation.*

PILSENER LAGER

142